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PART LIII.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. V.—*Benediction.*

WE have already said that it is uncertain whether the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in procession, which is now so striking a characteristic of the festival of Corpus Christi, was coeval with the institution of that feast, or a later addition to its ceremonies. But however this may be, it was certainly very often carried in this way at a much earlier period. We learn from Lanfranc that such a procession formed a part of the function on Palm-Sunday even in his day; and it must have been very common in the Greek Church during Lent, when they made such frequent use of the *Missa Præsanctificationum*. Moreover, some kind of procession of the Blessed Sacrament might always be seen whenever there was occasion to administer the viaticum to the sick. The constitutions of many of our provincial councils held during the thirteenth century give very minute directions upon this subject. That held at Oxford, for example, under Stephen Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1222, and another under his successor, St. Edmund, in 1234, and another in Reading in 1279; these all desired that the priest who carried the Holy Eucharist on these occasions should wear a stole and surplice, unless the place to which he was summoned was at a very great distance in the country; that he should be preceded by ecclesiastics bearing one or more lights, a bell, and (if it had not been already taken to some other sick man in the parish) the cross also; and that he should take every possible means to warn the people in the neighbourhood, both by these external circumstances and by the utmost reverence and solemnity in his own demeanour, that he was bearing with him the King of Glory, that so they might fall down and worship Him as He passed. But in all

these cases the Blessed Sacrament was enclosed in the usual pyx, and the pyx too was covered with a veil, so that the Host itself could not be seen; and in some parts of Germany even as late as the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Blessed Sacrament was not carried in any other way, even during the festival of Corpus Christi.

It is extremely difficult,—indeed we believe we may truly say that it is quite impossible,—to decide with any certainty when was first introduced, in addition to these things, the practice of exposing the consecrated Host out of its accustomed vessel, and of solemnly blessing the people with It, such as we now have under the name of Benediction. This was different from the ordinary elevation of the sacred species during the Mass; for it was both distinct from it in point of time, and consisted in making the sign of the cross with the Host over the people, which had never been a part of the Roman liturgy. Yet it was not altogether a novelty; for in some of the Eastern liturgies, where the priest scarcely ever turns to the congregation without at the same time giving them his blessing, this was always the manner of the elevation, and still continues to be so: namely, that the priest, after having first raised the Host above his head, whilst he is bowing before the altar, should turn round immediately before communion, and with the Host raised above and over the chalice, make the sign of the cross three times over all the people; and this he does, not merely (it would seem) for the purpose of shewing the Host to the people and holding it up for their adoration (as is solemnly done by the Pope on all occasions when he celebrates High Mass in public, turning round with the Host in his hands, both to the right and to the left, at the moment of elevation); nor yet again is it like the ceremony, peculiar to some churches, of making the sign of the cross in the air with the Blessed Sacrament immediately after consecration; but it is a direct and solemn benediction, or blessing, of the whole congregation; and as such we can scarcely doubt but that it furnished the original of the rite of Benediction as now practised in the Church.

But how and when was it introduced into the Latin Church? Most probably, we think, in connexion with the new festival of Corpus Christi; since it is certain that at first it was only celebrated during that octave, and many orders were promulgated in different dioceses forbidding it at any other time. The earliest mention of an *ostensorium*, or monstrance, such as is now used on these occasions, occurs in a provincial council of Cologne, belonging to the middle of the fifteenth century; and at that time it was made in the shape

of a cross (the present round form belongs to the sixteenth century): still, we find in an illuminated Missal of the year 1374 pictures of a small tower or tabernacle,* pierced in four places, so as to render the Blessed Sacrament visible to the people; and the rite of Benediction itself is mentioned in an Ordo of 1364.† Indeed, the same provincial council which we have mentioned attests that the rite had been then long in use; since it decrees that it should not be allowed on every Thursday in the year, but only during the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on such other occasions as the ordinary might approve,—*e. g.* in case of war, pestilence, or any other grievous calamity threatening the state,—and then only with the utmost reverence and devotion. There could have been no necessity for such an order as this, had the practice been of recent introduction; such devotional practices do not immediately deteriorate, or grow too common the moment they are begun; and it is manifest that the object which the council had in view was to rouse the people to a more just appreciation and a more devout celebration of the function, by making it less frequent.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries such prohibitions as these are of very frequent recurrence, with various modifications and exceptions; for by that time it had become *common* to expose the Blessed Sacrament in this way, not only for grave and public reasons, but also for the satisfaction of private devotion on insufficient and trifling occasions. St. Charles Borromeo, in his eleventh diocesan synod, A.D. 1584, only permitted it for public and important causes; especially he revoked the leave he had given for it on Fridays during Lent, on which days he says the Ambrosian rite which he followed did not allow Mass to be said, and it had been of perpetual custom that neither should the Blessed Sacrament be exposed on that day; he allowed it, however, and with it procession also, once a month. A synod held at Viterbo early in the year 1614 forbade too frequent exposition, excepting during the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on the third Sunday in every month, a day especially set apart to the devotions of the confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament; and to this was added, in some places, the first Sunday also, if there was a Confraternity of the Rosary. The Archbishop of Rouen having in 1639 forbidden it, excepting during the feast of Corpus Christi, afterwards moderated the strictness of this prohibition in favour of those confraternities of the Blessed

* A picture of it may be seen in Thiers' *Traité sur l'Exposition*, tom. i. p. 233, ed. 1677.

† Martene de Ant. Eccl. Disc. in Div. cel. Off. c. 29, num. 6.

Sacrament which were already established; he also sanctioned a procession and Benediction every Sunday after vespers, provided only that the Benediction were given not with the open monstrance, but with the closed ciborium.

The Bishop of Orleans too, five years afterwards, confirmed what already existed in his diocese, viz. a procession of the same kind every Sunday of the month, only in different churches. Cardinal Grimaldi, Archbishop of Aix and Nuncio Apostolic in France at that time, made a decree, or rather republished the decree which had been made by the committee of Cardinals who inquired into the subject at the Council of Trent, viz. that the Blessed Sacrament might never be exposed, at least by the regular clergy, even for any urgent public cause, unless specially sanctioned by the ordinary; but they might for private causes open the door of the tabernacle, and invite people to pray before the Blessed Sacrament still in the ciborium, and the ciborium itself covered as usual with a veil.

About this time Benediction seems to have been very commonly given in many parts of France every Sunday and holiday; but the Church watched the change of discipline thus introduced with considerable anxiety, and was continually interfering to check its too great frequency, and to enforce attention to outward circumstances of reverence and devotion in the manner of giving it. In particular, this was much insisted upon by the Dominican Archbishop of Avignon in 1656, who both checked the degree of frequency which he found in his diocese, and also prohibited it altogether as an evening function, only allowing it after High Mass, and (for the sake of the poor) after the first early Mass in the morning. Moreover, he required all preachers to exhort the people to shew every possible token of respect, and especially that they should never presume to remain in any other posture than that of kneeling, and with uncovered heads. He prescribed also the method to be observed in giving Benediction, which is much the same as that now in use: all the candles were to be lighted; the priest, or the deacon who assisted him, was to place the Blessed Sacrament on the place ordinarily provided for it; then the priest was to incense it, to kneel whilst the choir sang some appropriate hymn or motett, and, as soon as he had given Benediction, to restore the Host again to the tabernacle. It is not mentioned, however, how the priest should be vested for this function; and with reference to one particular portion of the vestments which are now used, viz. the veil which envelopes the priest's hands and shoulders, we are unable to speak with any certainty either as to its antiquity

or its precise meaning. We have somewhere heard or read, that originally this veil was used to cover even the priest's face also during the act of giving Benediction; that so the people might at once comprehend that it was no ordinary sacerdotal blessing which they were about to receive, but that in that solemn moment the priest was to be considered as literally nothing, since it was the very Fount and Source of all blessings who was about to shed the light of His countenance upon them. As we have said, however, we cannot now find any authority either for or against this statement; and we should be much obliged, therefore, to any of our readers who may be able to give us more authentic information upon the point. It is certainly a very pleasing idea, and gives a touching significance to the vestment in question. That significance, however, would have been partially, if not wholly destroyed by the practice which was once very prevalent in the churches of France; we mean the practice, both by priests and bishops, of giving Benediction exactly as they gave their ordinary blessing in Mass or on other solemn occasions,—that is to say, repeating the same form of words, and only making the sign of the cross with the Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance, instead of with their own open hand. The more common and approved method has always been to give Benediction in silence,—indeed, in Rome, this has been the rule from the beginning; and certainly it is far more in unison with the real character of the function, which, as a well-known author has so truly said, is “one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church.” “It is our Lord's solemn benediction of his people, as when He lifted up his hands over the children, or when He blessed his chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: ‘The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord shew his face to thee, and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn his countenance to thee, and give thee peace.’”

Much of what has been said refers to the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, independently of the act of giving Benediction with it; and indeed the two things are so intimately connected, that it is difficult to keep their histories apart. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that they are far from being identical, and that, in matter of fact, they have before now been separated in a very remarkable manner. According to the present ritual of the Church, we know of no exposition of the most holy Sacrament which is not concluded at least by Benediction. The exposition may be for a longer or shorter period of time; but when it is ended, Benediction

is given, before the Host is again restored to the tabernacle. But this was not always so; in the Church of Spain, for example, before the suppression of the Society of Jesus at the end of the last century, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was most common, but Benediction was altogether unknown. And it may be worth while to observe, that it is for this reason that the old Spanish monstrances, which, since the plunder of ecclesiastical property in that country, are sometimes to be seen amongst ourselves, are so extremely heavy and large; they were never made to be held in the hand and moved to and fro by a priest, but were intended to rest upon a pedestal above the high altar: the Blessed Sacrament was to be enthroned in them, as it were, and to be set up on high with all the pomp of royalty, there to receive the homage and adoration of the people; but that was all. When the Jesuits were re-established and returned to that country, they carried with them, from the other parts of Europe which they had visited, the rite of Benediction; and thus it was first introduced into their churches, not without considerable opposition on the part of those to whom the rite was altogether new. It must not, however, be therefore concluded, that Benediction was every where a rite of later introduction into the Church than exposition; if, at least, by this latter term we understand exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for any considerable period of time. On the contrary, the earliest instance of exposition (in this sense of the word) in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, was on the occasion of the siege of Rochelle, in the autumn of 1627; though Benediction, and consequently exposition for a short time, had been used there long before. It was not without some hesitation that the chapter of Notre Dame acceded to the request of the queen in 1649, and appointed an exposition for forty hours, to excite the people to earnest devotion and intercessions for the king, who was about to make his first communion. In 1661 a legacy was left to the same chapter, with the condition of a similar exposition every Thursday, for the purpose of making some reparation for all the insults and injuries to which the Blessed Sacrament was continually exposed by the impiety of heretics; but this the chapter declined: they would only consent to having certain devotions in its honour on that day without exposition.

These details are worth noticing, that we may mark the prudent caution which characterised the progress of the revolution which was gradually wrought in ecclesiastical discipline with reference to this matter. In the earliest ages the Church had been always most careful to preserve the Blessed Sacrament

and all that concerned it from the sight and knowledge of the uninitiated, and with good reason; for since the heathen were in utter ignorance of its real nature and hidden properties, it could only have given them very grievous scandal to see the way in which Christians behaved towards It, to say nothing of the blasphemous words and irreverent actions to which It would inevitably have been exposed. The writings of St. Augustine, and indeed of all the fathers generally, abound with allusions to this habit of concealment,—of celebrating the mysteries with closed doors, and of excluding the uninitiated; and it was a subject of bitter lamentation both to St. Chrysostom and to his biographer, that on one occasion, on Easter eve, in the church at Constantinople, when they were just about to baptise those who had been properly instructed, the soldiers broke in upon them, and saw all that was kept in the innermost sanctuary, and even spilt the sacred blood over their garments. In a Christian country, however, where all belong to the true fold, or only a few have strayed into the ways of heresy, there is not of course the same reason for this cautious concealment; and although all do not lead Christian lives, nor are worthy to see the Lord of glory in this humble disguise, still to those whose minds and hearts are animated by a genuine spirit of faith and love, it is a most salutary and refreshing practice, and well calculated to quicken and confirm those graces, to have placed before their eyes this monument of their Redeemer's love, and of all that He has done and suffered for them. Even heretics too have not unfrequently been so struck by the intensity of devotion which they have witnessed in pious Catholics, either at the moment of Benediction or for a longer period during the hours of exposition, that they have forsaken the errors of their way and followed the true Shepherd and Bishop of their souls; and sinners have had their hard hearts softened by the same adorable presence, so as to seek for reconciliation with their offended God.

It is to no purpose, then, that heretics object to the Church, as they so often do, this important change in her discipline,—that whereas the Blessed Sacrament was once most carefully withdrawn from the sight even of the faithful themselves, much more from that of the people generally, now it is continually exposed every day, and even all day long, to the gaze of all who choose to come and see;—it is of no use, we say, to urge these outward changes against us, as though our faith concerning the Sacrament itself had undergone any corresponding modification. Far from it. Outward acts of this kind take their meaning from the intention of those who use them; and daily experience shews us how frequently the same inward

feeling may develope itself in apparently opposite outward manifestations. In most Catholic countries the name of Mary is given to well-nigh every child that is born, out of love and reverence to the spotless Virgin, Mother of God; yet there have been some places where the people have abstained from giving the name to any child whatever for the very same reason. Ordinarily the Church forbids the use of any but the most costly vessels of gold and silver about the holy Eucharist; yet, as we have seen, St. Exuperius is commended for using only a wicker-basket, having sold the gold and silver to give to the poor. At one time the Church does not allow the laity to touch the sacred Host, nor even any of the vessels which belong to it, that so they may entertain the deepest reverence for it; at another she allows them to take it into their hands, to touch all their organs of sense with it, even to preserve it in their own houses, that they may thankfully avail themselves to the utmost of so precious a gift of God. In one place she administers the life-giving Sacrament only under one kind, in order to avoid accidental irreverences which the use of the chalice entails; in another she administers it under both kinds, in order to set before our minds in a more lively manner the passion and death of Christ, and his own most sacred institution. It is right that we should receive this holy Sacrament upon our knees, to express the humility and self-abasement with which we should always appear before the majesty of the Son of God; yet there have been times when it was deemed right that men should receive it standing, to shew forth the resurrection of Christ, and their own resurrection in and by Him. Even so, in the very same way, it is fitting that this Sacrament should be withdrawn as far as possible from human gaze, that men should learn to appreciate its surpassing dignity, and to think and speak of it with becoming reverence; but it is no less fitting that it should be set up on high and exhibited in solemn procession, that it may be proposed to the people as the object of their adoration and worship. It is right that the sight of it should be forbidden to unfaithful Christians and notorious sinners, to render them more fully aware of their unworthiness; and yet, again, the sight of it may well be permitted to them, in order to enkindle in them feelings of love and affection for so good and gracious a Redeemer. Only it belongs to the rulers of the Church, and not to private individuals, to determine the time and place, and all the other circumstances, which require one of these manifestations rather than the other; it is these who are appointed over the Lord's family to give them meat in season; these are the householders who are "to bring forth out of their treasure things new and

old ;" and it is by their wisdom, not by individual caprice, that such important matters should be regulated. "It is a most difficult question," says Benedict XIV., "to decide what degree of frequency is desirable, both of exposition and of Benediction ; there is need to guard against irreverence, and yet care must be taken that the devotion of the people be not disappointed and offended." *

KATE GEAREY ; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER VII. *The Death-Bed.*

"JOSEPHINE, what can be the meaning of purl-twist ? do you know ?" inquired Mrs. Selby, as, on a sultry June evening, she divided her attention between a half-finished anti-macassar and an open book which lay beside her. Miss Bradshawe shook her head.

"Ah, you never know any thing useful, that's one comfort. I suppose your religion consists in holding your tongue and looking miserable ; not a word have you spoken for the last hour ; one might as well be dumb as live with you."

"I thought just now you said you could not knit if I interrupted you," said Josephine, with a half smile.

"There now, I've dropped a stitch ; that's all through you," exclaimed the old lady, assuming her spectacles ; "and I don't think I can see to take it up. Where was I ? Oh, slip one, purl two, knit—I'm all wrong ; I must undo the whole row. Well, Catholics are, without exception, the most tiresome people in the world ; they always talk when they should be silent, and think of nothing but a set of worthless creatures. I'm sure you're not like the same being that you used to be ; I don't wonder at what Lord Lindore says.—Pray, Josephine, be silent ; I think I can make it come right now."

Perfectly accustomed to Mrs. Selby's continual fault-finding, Miss Bradshawe had resumed her book, without having penetrated the meaning of one word of her aunt's soliloquy ; and as the latter's attention was for a short time engrossed by the refractory knitting, she gradually sank again into the train of thought which had been so suddenly broken. She was seated near a small table by an open window, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes apparently fixed on the volume before her ; yet as the reflection of the lamp fell full on her features, it would have been obvious to a more scrutinising observer that her thoughts had wandered far from its author. There was on

* Instit. xxx. tom. i. p. 136 ; and Bullar. iii. 88.

her open brow an expression of gravity almost amounting to severity, and her lips were firmly compressed, as was her wont when she had once formed a resolution, or, as Mrs. Selby would express it, "when she was in an obstinate fit." Her left hand mechanically wandered amongst a number of dirty-looking notes, which lay scattered around ; and her deep though unconscious sigh again attracted the notice of her companion, who, having mastered her difficulty, was now at leisure to attend to external objects.

"What is the matter, child?" she inquired ; "what can you be thinking of? You tire yourself running no one knows where all the morning : Dr. Sumners told Lady Lindore you'd kill yourself if you went on as you do this hot weather."

"I was thinking," exclaimed Josephine, replying to the first part of Mrs. Selby's speech,—"I was thinking of what now should occupy all our thoughts,—I mean, the cholera."

"Bless me, my dear, you don't really mean to say it is here? how you do frighten one! Why all the world expected it last year, and prepared accordingly ; but it all ended in nothing."

"Ask Dr. Sumners what *he* thinks," answered Josephine calmly ; "though perhaps he is too politic to frighten his patients out of harm's way."

"Why he certainly did tell the Lindores there *might* be a *few* cases, and disinterestedly advised them to leave town as soon as this tiresome law-suit would permit, for there seems no chance of Angela and Lord Norville's making up their minds this season ; and the Earl said he should like to take you with them, if—, and that I could go to Malvern."

"If what? and why did not my uncle speak to me himself?"

"Because he did not think you would agree to his terms, and he knows you inherit all the perversity of your mother's race."

"Agree! are his demands, then, so very unreasonable that you fear to name them?" inquired Josephine gravely.

"Why, my dear, it would not be for long. And if you could just go to church with the family, or stay at home quietly, or do any thing but scandalise the whole neighbourhood by posting by yourself to that tumble-down loft which they call a chapel, and where they perform such abominable mummeries, that I am astonished a girl of your sense can be present without laughing outright ; and if you would abstain from crossing yourself when the chaplain says grace, and looking grave when he dances the polka, or is *rather* witty ; and if you would eat meat on Fridays, and—"

"In short, if I would put my conscience into harness, and resign the reins to my uncle's hands. Pray did Lord Lindore expect this?" and Josephine's eyes flashed, whilst her cheek glowed with indignation.

"I cannot say he did; on the contrary, he thought it useless broaching the subject. He said something about your having made one *great* sacrifice, and the folly of expecting to shake you afterwards; though I'm sure *I* never heard of any sacrifice you had to make. You've every thing you want; and if you think proper to occupy your time in this strange manner, it's your own choice, that's quite certain."

"I am glad Lord Lindore, at least, does me justice," exclaimed Miss Bradshawe rather bitterly. "And as for Dr. Sumner's *probabilities*, he knows as well as I do that the cholera has been for some time in London; ay, and in this very parish too, within a stone's throw from where we stand; that the cases have rapidly multiplied during the last week; and although I myself have as yet witnessed none which have terminated fatally, the bills of mortality are on the increase, and we cannot expect (considering the filthy lodgings and undrained localities inhabited by our poor neighbours) to escape scatheless."

"*Not as yet?* Why, Josephine, do you really mean to say you have seen the cholera?" inquired Mrs. Selby, pale with alarm.

"I mean to say I have seen several attacked by that disease, and within a few days too; they have all, however, recovered rapidly, some even without medical attendance, though I fear this favourable form of the disorder cannot be expected to last long."

"But surely *you* are not going to visit people who have the cholera? and surely Catholic priests are not mad enough to venture into such dens of contagion, are they?"

"Then what is to become of the poor?" demanded Josephine, with a suppressed smile.

"They must go to the hospital, of course, where there are nurses and doctors, and all that sort of thing, and where they'll be much better off."

"As far as their bodies are concerned, I grant you, though, by the by, the hospitals would not hold half of them; yet what is to become of their souls, should the Catholics *not* earn your title to insanity, I am at a loss to guess. But rest assured, my dear aunt, none of these poor creatures will be allowed to perish without spiritual consolation whilst London contains a single priest to impart it, even although he knew the consequences to himself must be instantaneous death."

"You don't mean to tell me that's a part of the system?"

inquired Mrs. Selby, opening her eyes very wide; "I thought your ministers only attended rich people, and got them to make their wills, and disinherit their children, and force their daughters into convents, and"——

Miss Bradshawe laughed outright. "It is astonishing," she exclaimed, "that with all these so easily-acquired riches our churches remain so poor; and it is still more astonishing that all these disinherited heirs should take their wrongs so quietly that we never hear of them; at any rate, it is quite certain that whatever the magnitude of the danger, the souls of the Catholic poor will neither be entrusted to nurses, doctors, nor workhouse chaplains, even if"——

"Why, Josephine, what objection have you to workhouse chaplains? You wouldn't surely expect Dr. Selwood to risk *his* valuable life, and take home such a dreadful disease to his wife and six beautiful children, when any one can read a chapter or two in the Bible?"

"Without entering into a discussion as to what may or may not be Dr. Selwood's clerical duties, I can only repeat that the Catholic priest having a little more to do at a death-bed than read a chapter in the Bible, is not in the habit of delegating nurse or doctor to fulfil one of the most important offices of his sacred ministry. A few prayers mumbled at the end of the ward, a hurried inquiry as to this or that patient, *would-be* cutting remarks on Popery should any Catholic be present, and the spiritual functions of hospitals are considered zealously performed—nay, more"——

"What is the matter, Ellen?" interrupted Mrs. Selby, as the servant entering presented a soiled and strangely-folded paper, decorated with an enormous wafer, still wet, to Miss Bradshawe.

"The young girl who brought it, madam, waits for an answer; her name, she says, is Kate Gearey, but that you do not know her."

Josephine glanced at the address, which ran as follows: "To the honor'd Miss Bradshawe, Esq.;" and tearing it open with a smile, read as follows:

"Most kind and rivirint Miss——

"Plase, Miss, yer humbel petitioner, Winny Pratt, is dying spacheless, and says, Miss, she can't go aisey if she don't see you; so we humbly hope yer honnur won't delay, as our mother can't last the nite ony how.

"Yer honnur's humbel petitioners, her sons Pat and Mickey Pratt."

"Send the girl in, Ellen," exclaimed Josephine; and before Mrs. Selby's "What is it all about, at this hour of the night?"

had passed her lips, our heroine stood before the two ladies. The recognition was mutual; for whilst Kate gazed admiringly on the kind lady of the Indian warehouse, Josephine marked with sorrow the alteration which two short months had effected on the unsophisticated healthy-looking 'Gracian.' Bad diet and worse air had rendered her pretty features pale, wasted, and careworn; years, not weeks, seemed added to her life; whilst notwithstanding the restraint imposed by those in whose presence she found herself, it was evident she had completely lost that genuine simplicity which had first attracted Miss Bradshawe's attention.

"I think I have seen you before?" said the latter, gently.

"Yes, plase, me lady, whin I was luki'g afther the situation; but I didn't git it at all, and its meesilf didn't know what I'd do."

"And what did you do?" inquired Josephine.

"Nothink, me lady; an how could I? The character was of no use; and meesilf didn't know the ways of London, an had no one to spake for me, an"—

"Did you apply to any of the priests?"

"Indeed an I didn't; becace there was a well-wisher of mine said it was of no use, they had so many; an I'd betther wait till Easter come round, and thin it ud be time enough."

"Wait for twelve months!" exclaimed her auditor; "but I see there is something you wish to conceal, and will not press you further."

"Oh, me lady, its ownly a thrifle; but I forgot the poor crathur that sint me, an I'm feared you'll not overtake her thin."

"Is she really so ill? she was in perfect health two days ago."

"So I've heerde," answered Kattie; "an I'm ownly a neybour. She lives in the ind room on Moll Carty's floore; but I know they said it was jist off that she was, an she wouldn't die till you cum."

"Has Father Morgan been sent for?" inquired Josephine, anxiously.

"An it's meesilf knows nothing at all, at all," said Kate, wincing at the bare mention of a priest; "but sure whin yer ladyship cums, *you'll* know all about it:" and she edged rapidly towards the door.

"Never mind; I shall be there as soon as yourself," exclaimed Josephine, as the girl disappeared, glad to escape a cross-examination she was so ill prepared to meet. A few short weeks ago, and Kate Gearey would have hailed with delight this encounter with Josephine Bradshawe; as it was,

she shrank abashed, conscious that she had too easily imbibed the tastes, habits, nay vices of the worthless and bad into whose society she had been thrown. The temptations had, it is true, been great; but into the gulf had she fallen without a struggle, urged on by sloth, vanity, and confidence in her own powers of resistance.

"But you are not really going, Josephine?" insisted Mrs. Selby, as her niece put on her bonnet, and allowed Ellen to arrange her mantilla: "it is past ten o'clock."

"It *is* very late; yet I think in this case it is an imperative duty."

"I see no duty at all, and I dare say the woman can wait until to-morrow; I should not be surprised if it was all a trick to murder you."

"I do not see what they could gain by that: however, I know the woman, and have often visited her lately; so set your mind at ease, and I will tell you in a few words why I am so anxious to go to her. About a month ago, being in — Buildings, I was asked by Mary Sheehan to step into the Large House, and see a woman whom they considered to be possessed; I did so, and found this very Winny Pratt stretched on the floor, foaming at the mouth, raving in the wildest manner, and attempting to bite every one who approached her. On my entrance, she accosted me as the Evil Spirit, and even endeavoured to strike the crucifix from my hand; she had leeches on her temples, but in the violence of her struggles she dashed them off, and the blood spirted against the wall. From the neighbours I could glean nothing, except that she had totally neglected her religious duties since she came there, and that was near two years ago. Well, Father Morgan was sent for, and administered the sacrament of extreme unction, amidst the most horrible imprecations and language, which even now makes me shudder: we went away, and shortly after our departure the fit left her. On my calling next day, she seemed perfectly recovered. I then learnt that it was years since she had entered a church, and that wherever she went she had been considered a curse to her neighbours and a scandal to her children, who had, alas, followed too closely in her footsteps; still she promised to amend her life, and day after day have I urged her to keep her word, feeling a presentiment something terrible would shortly befall her. You now see the results."

"Still I do not comprehend what all this is to you," grumbled Mrs. Selby; "Protestant ladies know their duty to society too well to run themselves into such scenes; besides, no woman should ever go into a sick-room until she is forty at least. But I might as well talk to a statue," she continued, as

the door closed after Josephine; "I wish to goodness she was married, and then she might be of some use."

With a light, rapid step, and perfect self-possession, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, did Miss Bradshawe pass down one or two streets, and then cross the square mentioned in our first chapter; nor did she slacken her pace until she reached the entrance of the Buildings. It was a clear, moonlight night; yet so pre-occupied was her mind, that although sensitively alive to the beauties of nature, she now heeded them not. She paused for a moment before plunging into the long dark alley, filled by men quarrelling, *larking*, and in most cases the worse for liquor; it was, however, only to raise her veil, and once known she passed onward, the dense crowd opening as if mechanically, and closing again behind her; whilst "God speed you, miss!" and other exclamations of a similar nature, issued from the lips of those able to articulate. Not even the intense darkness and intricate passages of the Large House seemed to offer any impediment to her progress; she hurried down the latter, ascended the perilous stairs with an heroic disregard of projecting nails, loose boards, broken balustrades, and even the well itself, passing many doors from which issued a confusion of sounds that drowned her footsteps; and then placing her hand against a broken panel at the extremity of the suite of rooms by which the deserter had made his escape, it yielded to her touch, and in a moment she stood by the bed of the dying woman,—for that dying she was, Josephine was assured at a single glance.

The countenance of Winny Pratt had already assumed that greenish-blue tint, almost the last and most painful stage of the dreaded and prevalent disorder; her head was thrown back, and her long dark hair streamed around her as she rolled to and fro in her agony. The cramps were at times so violent that the back of the sufferer was occasionally drawn into an arch, now rising from the acuteness of pain until she rested on the soles of her feet, then sinking again with the most thrilling screams; the nails of her fingers were livid, but the hands and even the arms were blackened, as though mortification had already taken place. Her sons and one or two women were present; yet though hurrying to and fro, as if busied about something, it was evident none dared approach the quarter of the chamber where she lay.

"It is the cholera," exclaimed Josephine, pressing her fingers on the woman's wrist, and turning pale as she marked the quick feeble beatings of the pulse. "She has not many hours to live; have you sent for Father Morgan?"

"Shure an, me lady, she wouldn't be said by us," an-

swered her eldest son; "an its yersilf she wanted intirely."

"Dhrink! dhrink! I'm choking wid the drought," yelled the sufferer; "give me the dhrink, I say."

Josephine held a broken cup containing some cold tea to her lips; and then writing a line in pencil on one of the leaves of her pocket-book, consigned it to Pat, with an injunction to lose no time before he placed it in the hands of one of the priests.

"Who's there?" again vociferated the woman, glaring around her; "it's divils I see every where. I'm dying now, an what'll become of my sowl?"

"Oh, mother," said Mickey, cautiously advancing, "the praste ull be here in no time, an Miss Bradshawe ull read to ye."

"Yer welcome, miss," she answered wildly. "Didn't I promise I'd go to my dooty? it's too late now, you see; I'll be dead before the praste cums, an I can't pray nayther."

Another terrible spasm succeeded, which made Josephine fear her prediction would indeed be verified.

"I will pray for you," she said, when Winny was a little more tranquil; and kneeling down, she commenced the litanies for the dying, though not without many an anxious glance towards the door.

"Tell me, miss," said the woman, in a tone of concentrated passion, rising as she spoke in her bed, "must we forgive our inimies? I'd like to know."

"Of course, if we hope to be forgiven; surely we have offended our good God more than any creature can have offended us."

"Sure an I'm not expicted to forgive me husband? Didn't he lave me to starve wid the childer? An didn't he take up wid a Pradestant like himsilf before me? An didn't he kick me, an bate me, an"—

"Do not think of his cruel treatment now, but pray that you may be happy together in heaven."

"In heaven!" shrieked the sufferer, her countenance even more distorted by rage than pain; "in heaven! what ud he do in heaven, a desaver? Didn't he thry to make me sill me religion and become a swaddler, to git the district money? An didn't he break me bones becace I'd not let him make haythens of the childer? An didn't he stale me beautiful girl to be a sarvant to the pair of thim? An didn't he make a divil of me, an make me curse? An now the divil ull have us both."

Another paroxysm succeeded, and poor Winny sank back exhausted, fast merging towards a state of collapse. With a

trembling voice did Josephine re-commence the litanies, as it was evident the ill-spent life of the unfortunate woman was drawing towards its close; and it was almost with a shriek of joy she sprang to her feet, as Father Morgan and Pat entered the room.

"Am I too late?" inquired the former, looking at Miss Bradshawe. Josephine pointed to the bed. The good priest bent down; and after addressing a few words to the sufferer, made a sign for those present to leave the room. The men, with the insensibility produced by habitual intoxication, lounged into the court, only eager to escape the reprimand they were conscious of having merited; the women were soon gossiping in the adjoining chambers; and Josephine knelt down on the dark broken stair, occupying herself during the next half-hour by petitioning the Mother of her God, the meek, the compassionate Mary, to intercede for this poor erring creature, about to appear before an offended Judge.

And how was this half-hour passed by Father Morgan? Delicate in constitution, worn out and exhausted by a day of labour which scarce left him time to snatch a hasty meal, he had, on the eve of retiring to rest, cheerfully attended the summons of duty; and now imbibing the fetid, plague-laden atmosphere of a cell polluted by filth and overrun with vermin, he rested on the edge of the bed, and leant over her whose every respiration was death, whose every wild raving was an arrow to the heart of one whose innocent life of self-sacrifice would have been cheerfully rendered up to purchase the salvation of one immortal soul. Yet he thought not of weariness or of danger; it was his duty. Duty! that magic word—that war-cry of Catholic priests—the ensign round which they rally; and despite persecution, ingratitude, failing health, incompetent means, and every other obstacle, perish or conquer, no matter which. Careless of the world's smiles, heedless of its frowns, sympathising with, yet above, its petty sorrows, they press onwards, until a blighted youth or toilsome old age is rewarded by the martyr's crown and a glorious eternity. Such are the priests of God's Church; such have they ever been, in the dungeon, on the rack or scaffold, ready to dare all, to suffer all; contributing, no less by their example than by their ministry, to the preservation in all its purity of the religion for which they were born, and for which they are willing to die.

The door at length opened; and on a sign from Father Morgan, Josephine re-entered the apartment. The woman was now sensible and free from pain, although very weak, and apparently sinking fast.

"I shall administer the Viaticum, since the sickness has ceased," exclaimed the priest, gravely; whilst Miss Bradshawe looked around in vain for any place which she might prepare for this last and most solemn sacrament of the Church. In this abode of wretchedness, table there was none; the bed on which Mrs. Pratt lay, a bundle of shavings forming the nightly resting-place of her sons, and what had once been a chair, but was now divested of the back and one of its legs, constituted the sole furniture of the apartment. On the mantelshelf glimmered an inch of candle, fastened to an oyster-shell by a drop of its own grease, scarcely affording sufficient light to distinguish surrounding objects. Yet here, without hesitation, did Father Morgan, opening his ritual, commence those touching and beautiful prayers prescribed by the Church for such occasions. It had been a fine study for a painter: the ruinous and ill-furnished room; the bright moonlight streaming through the broken and uncurtained casement, investing even the rude domestic implements with a halo peculiarly its own, and falling full on the white robes of the kneeling girl, who, with bowed head and clasped hands, seemed insensible to aught save the presence of her God; the discoloured and pain-distorted features of the dying woman, whose eyes were yet up-turned with an expression of hopeful resignation to the countenance of the priest, which was bent over her, wearing the aspect of meek adoration befitting the solemnity of the occasion and the august Presence which then graced that wretched hovel, and whose minister he was.

Of all the imposing and touching ceremonies of the Church, there is none more imposing, more touching, than that in which the reconciled sinner, whose life has been one continued scene of suffering and poverty, perhaps also steeped to the very lips in guilt, prepares for the last time to receive within his bosom that God before Whom the seraphim veil their faces and the great ones of the earth are as nought, and before Whom he himself is presently to appear. Yes, that very sacrament which was just now borne in triumph round our churches with all the little pomp our grateful hearts could offer, attended by richly-robed priests, preceded by floating banners, innumerable lights, clouds of incense, and above all by God's own gift, the fairest and sweetest flowers, is carried, immediately perhaps after the procession is over, by that same priest, alone, on foot, and in the most inclement weather, to the pallet of some expiring wretch; there (without any outward demonstration of respect, perhaps not even a single friend to breathe a prayer,) to soothe his passage from this world, and accompany him in his last terrible journey.

The rites of religion had been administered to Mrs. Pratt, and the concluding sentences yet lingered on the lips of Father Morgan, when Josephine, whose eyes were fixed on her face, observed a movement, slight indeed, but sufficient to indicate that the vital spark had fled; she raised her hand, and the priest at once understanding the action and its cause, passed on to recite the prayers for a departed soul. He had hardly closed the book, when a number of the neighbours bustled into the room, some from curiosity, others under pretext of assisting Mrs. Pratt; but really, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of explaining their wants, neither few nor trifling, to one who never, whilst his pocket contained a single coin, allowed them to pass unrelieved. A tumultuous and universal petition (for "shoes for the childer to go to school; flannel petticoats for the ould woman; the price of the tay; a light for the night, as Mickey had hurted hissilf,") was suddenly checked, as the priest pointed emphatically towards the corse. The first moment's silent astonishment was changed into that deafening howl, so peculiar to the Irish nation under any circumstances of grief or excitement. Almost sinking with fatigue, Father Morgan availed himself of this opportunity to effect his escape; and Josephine, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, prepared to follow his example, when her arm was seized by a wild ruffian-looking man, who loitered on the threshold, as if longing, yet dreading to advance.

"Your pardon, madam," he exclaimed; "but what's all this here row about? It's a strange thing, when a man comes to his own home, to find it filled in this way, as if Bedlam was let loose, and no mistake."

"Sure an it's Pratt himsilf, the ripribate!" screamed a diminutive crone, whose voice had been predominant in the preceding tumult. "Cum an luk at your work, you murderer you; sure an an't you shamed to face yer two sons? But you've ate shame, an dhrank afther it too for that matther, you vagabond, an bad manners to you."

"For heaven's sake, young lady, tell me what she means," said the man, turning very pale, and gazing wildly around him. He had evidently been drinking, and Miss Bradshawe shrank timidly from the contact.

"I will not hurt you: why do you fear *me* more than these?" and he pointed contemptuously towards the group.

"Becase she's no raison to fear us, I'd hope," said our old acquaintance, Norry Casey, proudly; "an if you lay the print of your hand on the very gownd she wears, sure an it's meesilf ull call the min, an it's not in a whole skin you'll sleep the nite, Ned Pratt. But as I spose you must be answered, bein

as it were the natral masther of the room, p'raps you'd be plased to know your wife's dead, an widout seeing the child, you brute baste."

Effectually sobered by this intelligence, the man again turned towards Josephine, and gasped out, "For God's sake, madam, does she speak the truth?"

Touched by his present distress and the agony she knew must be in store for him, she replied mildly, "She does; but she died happily, and resigned."

"'Tis false, girl, 'tis false!" roared the man, with an intensity of passion which made the crowd draw back; then darting towards the bed, he gazed for a moment on his wife's face, bearing palpable marks of that dire disease which had terminated her existence. "Winny," he exclaimed, sinking on his knees by her side, "look at me, your husband; I'm come back to you. I'm a monster, a brute, I know it; only tell me so."

"She is dead; 'tis useless," said Josephine, her eyes full of tears; "but in that you are not to blame; she died of the cholera."

"I knew the hag lied when she said I killed her," yelled the man, shaking his fist at Norry, who returned the compliment, though in so grotesque a manner as under other circumstances to have excited the mirth of Josephine; "but, lady, 'tis well she died, for my tongue must have broken her heart. Did she ask for her child?"

"Ah, what's it you've done wid her? there's Pat an Mickey ull bring you to the fore, Misther Pratt," interrupted Mrs. Casey; "so you'd bettther sind her here in time for the wake."

"Oh, would that I could!" groaned the conscience-stricken wretch, writhing in agony, and burying his face in the rags which covered the corse, "would that I could! But—you at least will pity me;" and he turned his bloodshot eyes on Josephine. "I was a soldier three-and-twenty years ago (no much good either); my regiment was quartered in Cork. Now whether it was my red coat, or my handsome face (I was handsome enough then), when we were ordered home, I persuaded poor Winny there to leave her father's house. She was the only child of an old man, and motherless, which made it worse. We were married by a Catholic priest, and at first I was kind enough, at least for me; but drink and bad company were my bane. I was disgraced, left the army, treated my wife worse than a dog; at last I left her altogether, and took up with an English woman—not that I cared much for her, but she was as bad as myself, and did not trouble herself how I came by the money, so she had it to spend. I saw Winny now and then; I think she hoped I'd come back some day; but the woman

paid me off; somehow or other she'd found every thing out, and could hang me if she chose. Every day I grew worse and worse, yes, and more miserable too; I wanted something to love, and every thing seemed to hate me, except my little girl; whenever I came home, the child clung to me and kissed me, and called me 'father;' so at last I stole her, and took her to live with me and Martha. This only made matters worse: the woman hated her, and tried all she could to make her as wicked as herself; and when she could not succeed, ill-treated her, to cause her to run away. She had grown up very pretty, too pretty—like her mother when I first saw her—and I hoped to get her a situation; but who would take the daughter of one like me into their houses? However, as ill-luck would have it, twelve months ago I took a fever; the doctor said it was brought on by drink, and I went to the hospital; my head was quite gone, so that I hardly knew how long I had been there. At last I was discharged, and went back to my lodgings; but I found the room shut up, the furniture sold, and the woman—the fiend!—gone. I did not care for her; I was glad to be rid of her; but my child! the property I had gained at the peril of my life, by the loss of my soul! I tracked the wretch, and found her married; yes, married to one who, bad as I am, was a thousand times worse; she taunted, laughed at me; but when I asked for my girl, she bade me seek her in—the—streets! This maddened me; I struck her to the earth, left her weltering in her own black blood, was imprisoned, punished, narrowly escaped transportation, and on being released, wandered here: you know the rest. Now, madam, I have a favour to ask;" and he stood erect before her. "I do not intend to repent; I am at war with my fellow-men, and where I am stung, will sting again; for this world I care not, of the next I know nothing. But for my poor lost girl I do care; and sooner or later, when tired of her sinful life, I know her mother's early lessons, and the influence of that religion—true or false I don't know, and I don't care—in which she was brought up, will lead her here again; befriend her then—and may God bless you!" Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when the hubbub re-commenced; and Miss Bradshawe, deeply affected, yet not knowing how to offer consolation in his present excited state, resolved to step into Moll Carty's rooms, and send Sheehan to prevent any unpleasant result from a meeting between Pratt and his sons. As she hurried along the passage, not without uneasiness at the alarm her protracted absence must occasion Mrs. Selby, she fancied she detected unequivocal symptoms of wild riot proceeding from the large room. After pausing a moment, she set it

down to an imagination weakened by the horrors she had so lately witnessed ; boldly advancing, she lifted the latch, and before she was aware of it, stood in the midst of a scene to which no description can do justice, and which, had it been in her power, she would gladly have avoided.

CHAPTER VIII. *The Adventure.*

KATE breathed more freely when the door of Mrs. Selby's house closed behind her, but it was not until she had reached the end of the street that she in any way recovered her self-possession. Disinclined as she was for reflection, she could not still the voice which would make itself heard ; and the unexpected identity of Josephine with the lady whom she had never forgotten, awakened any thing but a pleasing retrospect as she contrasted her present self with what she then was.

Dispirited—nay, disgusted—by her first ineffectual search for a situation, Kate had easily yielded to Florry Daly's suggestion that "they two had bish make a match of it ;" although the reasons she had assigned to herself were neither very farsighted nor very prudential. "Florry was a handsome lad, an ud mak a fortin somehow ; he was up to the ways of London too ; an as she *must* marry sooner or later, she might go farther an fare worse. An wasn't there Nill Sullivan dying wid the luv of him ? an what a crow it ud be over her, an from a Gracian too ! an then there'd be an ind of the lectures which ould blind Murphy gave, jist to shew how knowing he was : an —" but here Kate's arguments assumed a less pleasing form. "Florry did not go to his dooty at all," and he particularly objected to his wife's "thrubbling the prastes, barring Easter." Kate, on the contrary, had never, since her first communion, allowed an indulgence to pass without approaching the sacraments, and she had much wished to consult one of the "clergy" before yielding her conscience so unconditionally into his hands ; but he was not the lad to ask twice. Poor Kattie's little money was quite gone, and her few superfluous articles of clothing had been parted with, at first reluctantly enough ; yet she had of late become surprisingly inured to a pawnbroker's box, her shamefacedness having melted as snow before the fire of Mrs. Carty's wrath, invariably kindled when her young lodger was unable to satisfy her not always reasonable demands.

"What's the matther now, Kattie ?" inquired Mary Sheehan, as one day entering the room she found our heroine alone, busily rubbing a very tearful face with a dirty apron.

"Shure an it's meeself doesn't know what I'll do, Mary

dear; that ould skinflint, Moll Carty, insists on the rint for her dirty hole, an didn't I pawn me gown an shawl to sadisfy her? an what'll become of me? I've ownly these lift, an it'll break me heart to part thim, becace they belonged to me poor mother, God rist her sowl!" and as she spoke, she held up an old-fashioned rosary, the beads of which being silver were of some trifling value.

"Did Moll Carty see those?" inquired Mary anxiously.

"Yis; an what thin?" answered Kattie.

"Thin part thim directly, me girl; there's nothing too hot or too heavy for the paws of the dirthy ould vagabond; she'll conjure thim away wid some of her divil's thricks; it's small rivirince the likes of her has for bades or holy things: you can git thim agin whin you're married to Florry."

"Married to Florry! ah, that's another great thrubble!" and her tears began to flow afresh. "You see, Biddy Sarchfield advised me to spake to one of the clargy, an maybe he'd assist me for the time; an I've not knelt before one of thim iver since I came to this haythenish place; an I've neglected me prayers, an stayed from the Mass; an what ud Father Phelim say if he knew it all? Will, Florry heerd her, an rapped out a tundering oath, that ud have made me crass meesilf but that I saw Nill Sullivan grin; an he swore no praste should let or make in his consarns, that he'd be married by the parson or not at all: for why? it didn't shute him to sittle his conscience jist at present; an he looked quite awful-like. Now, Mary, what'll I do? if I don't have him, Nilly will, an I must go to sarvice afther all."

Mrs. Sheehan, kind and good-hearted as she was, constituted by no means a wise or safe adviser; she merely contented herself by observing,—

"I don't think Florry dhrinks, at laste not to come up to my good-for-nothink Pat, who spinds more than he earns."

She then prepared to set out for the "walk," whilst Kate sauntered down the Hollow with the beads, wondering what she'd get on them, and muttering to herself in a tone of reproach,—

"Yis, an indeed it's sildom enough I say them now; an it's safe stowed they'll be, that's one comfort."

This and scenes of a similar description crowded through her brain as she slowly walked homewards; and she was more than once tempted to place the matter in Miss Bradshawe's hands, who she knew was able, and doubted not was willing also, to assist her. Alas, these good resolutions were stifled in the bud, as she remembered the inevitable consequences of such a proceeding would be a return to her duty, and the

instant transfer of Daly's affections to her rival, an event more galling to her vanity than feelings. Yet as Kate was now become sufficiently idle, the thought of "sarvice" had lost all its attractions. Wearied by this unprecedented stretch of mental exertion, she wound it up by "laving things to take their own way, an thin it ud be no fault of hers if they didn't go right," and began to stare about her. Unfortunately, owing to the lateness of the hour, the shops were all closed; and Kate, thus deprived of one of the greatest sources of her amusement, debated if she had not better go home at once. But on passing one of the largest mansions in — Square, her attention was arrested by the sounds of music, rendered more audible from the windows being thrown open on account of the heat: within there were innumerable lights, and other unmistakeable signs of revelry; without, crowds of footmen, linkboys, and idlers of every description. To the latter our heroine hastened to join herself; and, as carriage after carriage deposited its burden, strove to catch a passing glance of the splendidly-attired and joyous-looking girls, whose fairy forms hovered for a moment in her sight, and were then lost under the smartly-striped awning which extended from the street-door to the kerb-stone. Oh, how Kate wished those walls had been of glass, that she might catch one little glimpse of the scene within; how she envied the servants, who seemed quite used to it, and on whom all these waving plumes and glittering robes appeared to make no impression! She had determined every carriage should be the last, yet she still lingered; just one peep at that magnificent equipage, and she would go. It stopped, the steps rattled down, an unusual flutter took place amongst the liveried attendants, and two gentlemen alighted, of whom Kate took no notice, and after them a lady, stately and beautiful, amidst whose raven tresses sparkled such a profusion of brilliants as to dazzle her eyes and produce an involuntary curtsy, as a vague idea flashed across her mind that it must be the queen herself; and last of all tripped a girl whose lovely face Kate felt certain was familiar to her. A short stoppage took place as the young lady let fall her bouquet, and our heroine had full time to admire the robe of spotless satin, the long auburn curls escaping in every direction from the pearl wreaths which vainly sought to restrain their luxuriance, and above all the radiant laughter-loving eyes and bright smile of the Lady Angela Malvern. Another second, and she too had passed as a dream; and Kate, with a sigh, prepared to depart, unconscious that she herself had attracted the attention of one of the gentlemen of the party. He lingered behind his companions, and as she turned

to cast a farewell glance at the gay crowd, accosted her in a somewhat careless tone with, "And where are you going, my pretty one?"

"Sure an I'm goin home, sir," said Kate, with a smile in which simplicity and coquetry were so strangely blended as to pique the curiosity of the stranger, whose first address had been merely words of course. He was a tall dignified man, about eight-and-twenty, with a severe cast of features and a proud dark eye, which seemed as if it would penetrate the very soul of the girl, as he again demanded,

"And where is your home? Shall I see you there?"

"Jist beyand in the Buildings, sir, an you can cum if you like; that is," she added archly, "if you're not affeard of Florry, for maybe it's jealous he'll be."

"I am not a very great coward," he replied, in a tone which even to her, unthinking as she was, appeared rather grave; "at any rate, I'll see the end of this adventure." He continued to mutter in an under tone, as he went along, something about "the girl being Irish, and of course a Catholic, this boasted religion which inculcates such doctrines and sets forth such examples of purity," and more to the same purpose. Kattie chattered away without noticing the vagueness and brevity of the answers she received, or heeding the sarcastically triumphant smile which played round his mouth, and gave so disagreeable an expression to his countenance. Far different were the feelings which animated the bosoms of the pair thus singularly thrown together. Kate's little heart beat high with gratified vanity; and too unused to the world's ways to know to what injurious suspicions her conduct must give rise, she amused herself by picturing how mad Florry would be at a "rale gintleman" seeing her home, and then laughed aloud at the certain surprise of the latter when he found himself in such a "quare place" as the Buildings. Indeed so fully did she enter into the frolic, that the dying woman, Josephine, all were forgotten; and a row, the probable consequences of her imprudence, was regarded by her as a thing of no moment, so natural to her had become the habits of those amongst whom she resided. The motives of the stranger were, however, more difficult to analyse; in fact, they were a riddle even to himself. His handsome, though, as I before said, severe countenance certainly evinced no particular admiration for the little Irish girl; on the contrary, impatience at her ceaseless prattle seemed scarcely restrained by a more powerful feeling: for he noted with intense interest every word which fell from her lips; evidently they afforded him little pleasure, for his cheek flushed and his eye kindled as he muttered between his teeth,

"And is it amongst such as these her lot is cast? Is she for ever to be allowed her own headstrong way? I will see this farce to an end, and then we meet again."

"Here we are, sir, jist at the ind of the coort," interrupted Kate, half doubtful how much farther it was safe to carry her joke; "p'raps it's no nearer you'd betther come."

"Is it here you live?" he inquired rather abruptly; "nay, as I have come thus far, I'll see you to the door."

"There is no doore," said Kate simply; "the people tuk it last winther to kindle the fires. I live at the big house below there; but ralely, sir, I'd rayther you'd go back; if the min have been dhrinking, they mightn't be altogether paceable, an I'd be sorry harm came of it."

"It is my pleasure to go on," he repeated, but in so determined a tone that Kate, heedless as she was, saw she had made a great mistake somewhere; she looked earnestly in his face; a stern, determined gaze met hers, and her confusion was complete as she then remembered, for the first time, there were those in Moll Carty's room who were likely to resent the intrusion of a stranger, especially at an hour when they were almost certain to be assembled. Kate had seen too much lately of Florry's violence not to dread its effects, especially if herself were to be its object. Almost at her wit's end, she yielded to the impulse of the moment, and, trusting to her swiftness of foot and superior knowledge of the locality, darted off at full speed, threading her way through the various groups with which the Buildings, more especially the courts, were still thronged. But Kate had reckoned without her host; pausing in the doorway to take breath before ascending the stairs of the Large House, she found her pursuer close to her side; so intent had the inhabitants been on their own affairs, that he had passed amongst them unnoticed, almost unseen. Terrified half out of her senses, she exclaimed, imploringly,—

"Ah, pray now, go back, sir; there's a woman dying of the cholera above there, an a lady's wid her jist now; and if ye foller me, there'll be murther this blessed nite."

"The cholera! a lady!" and he darted a glance full of suspicion at his companion; "at this hour too. It's of no use, girl; I'm determined."

"Thin take care of the well, an mind it's not my fault if ye'r intirely kilt; you'll niver git safe up these ould crazy stairs, that's one comfort." And springing forward, she was soon lost to sight in the darkness. Not to be baffled, he pressed on, and, with no other guide than the echo of her footsteps, surmounted the perils of stair and passage, until he reached the long passage leading to the fortune-teller's domicile.

“What wild-goose chase am I engaged in!” he exclaimed, as, finding himself at fault, he stood fearful to advance or recede. “Can I ever hope to convince one so wedded to her folly? or will she ever give me credit for the motives which brought me here? A fine story this young wench can make of it, and doubtless will—ha! there she is again.” As he spoke, Kate threw open the door of Moll Carty’s room; and before the greater part of its inmates were even aware of their entrance, both herself and the stranger stood in the very midst of them.

Had the latter leisure for observation, the varied avocations of the different families must have had to him at least all the attractions of novelty. Biddy Sarchfield, although retired for the night, was sitting bolt upright in her sittle, sewing a remnant of an old plaid shawl into the tattered corduroys of blind Murphy, who, seated on his basket, had concealed the absence of that indispensable article by the petticoat of his sempstress, the materials of which it was composed remaining to this day a mystery, owing to the dust of about twelve months in which it was enshrined. Mrs. Flanagan, like a careful wife, was washing Will’s shirt, her own gown, and the childer’s little bits of things, herself and husband doing without those necessities “jist for the time;” whilst their offspring, having been stowed away under the sack of rags, had crept out here and there, and were sporting in very insufficient clothing at as great a distance as might be from their industrious mother. Moll Carty was, as usual, diving into the future, for the special benefit of Nell Sullivan; whilst such of the men as were at home, Sheehan excepted, were congregated round a small table, covered with short pipes and battered pewter-pots, and lighted by a solitary rush.

“Sure an what’s all this, Kate?” exclaimed the hostess, throwing down her inseparable companions, the cards; “we thought it was niver coming back you were”——

“Howld yer jaw, you witch!” vociferated Daly, springing to his feet. “Where have you been gadding, Kate? an who the divil’s this, I’d like to know?” and he advanced fiercely towards the intruder, who, having awoke from his surprise to all the awkwardness of his position, drew himself to his full height, preparing, though without even a cane in his hand, to resist the threatened attack.

“Who I may be, is decidedly no concern of yours,” he answered; “and”—he stammered, conscious he had no excuse for his presence where it was neither expected nor desired.

“Musha! an isn’t it a consarn of ours what brings you here, my fine chap?” said Sheehan, rousing himself from a comfortable nap, and observing with visible satisfaction the

absence of his wife. "This is a quare time of night to walk in widout 'By yer lave,' or 'God save all here;' and if you've ony particler value for yer bones, take yersilf off in a jiffey: unless you priferr the winder to the doore; it'll save time, that's sartain."

"It's no quarrel of yours, Pat," said Florry, in a voice hoarse with passion; "and you, sir, answer me, did you foller this girl wid her own consint or no? Ayther way, I'll be the death of you," he continued, almost beside himself; "but if it's her fault, she'll be sorry for it, that's all."

"Your threats and questions will remain alike unheeded, unanswered; I shall defend my life as best I may, and may thank my own folly for placing myself in such a situation."

The calmness of this speech caused his antagonist to hesitate for a moment, which Kate perceiving, eagerly exclaimed:

"Ah thin, Florry, wasn't it meesilf intirely that was to blame? I tould the gintleman where I lived, and said he might see me home if he liked."

"You did, you hussy? then take that for your pains;" and infuriated by rage and drink, he dealt her a blow which, though slight, sent her screaming to the side of the bed where Biddy Sarchfield was still quietly ensconced, regarding the affray as got up for her own especial amusement.

"You cowardly scoundrel, how dare you strike the girl?" exclaimed the stranger, aiming, as he spoke, at the fellow's head; a compliment the latter dexterously avoided, and catching up a thick stick, prepared to return, with a force which must have proved fatal to his opponent, when Jack Burke, seizing hold of his arm, half whispered, "Hold, Florry Daly; I know him: now look at him yersilf, man, an see am I right?"

"Yes, and I know you, you villain!" exclaimed the person alluded to; "I saved your life once, and I believe you are already too well acquainted with the weight of my arm to provoke it a second time."

"Yer honour spakes truth," said Burke, sheepishly, tugging at one of his long ragged-looking locks. "But for you, yer overfed raskil of a flunkey (wid the nose of an Irish mother, jist to give a quality taste to his fat jowls) ud have sint an ounce of lead to thry the thickness of me skull, whin he found me a wanting to borry the horse; an sure, though you gave me the sound bating, you didn't take the oath against me, bekase I promised to refarm; an so I have: but no one shall touch a button of yer honour's coat, as I'm an honest man."

"That's more than you can promise," growled Daly; "this fine gentleman or nobleman tells no more tales; if I am to be

hanged, it shan't be for nothing;" and struggling to rid himself of Burke, he again endeavoured to spring on his antagonist. The latter prepared, as well as he was able, to sustain the shock, though completely unarmed he was no match for the herculean Irishman. It was, however, with no small surprise that he observed Daly pause midway in his career, start, and hang his head; whilst a simultaneous expression of regret, shame, and apology burst from both actors and spectators of the strife. Turning rapidly towards the door, he too gazed on the apparition, as if his whole soul were in that look, his present pallor being rendered more striking by its contrast with the angry flush it had chased from his brow. Yet the form which presented itself was no way calculated to excite alarm; it was the slight figure of a girl, whose snowy robe and elegant though simple walking attire would have alone stamped her as belonging to a very different grade of society from those amongst whom she had thus unexpectedly appeared. Yet it was not this which attracted the attention of the stranger; his gaze was riveted on her face: those regular features, now so pale you might have deemed them fresh from the sculptor's hands; those dark-blue eyes; the curved, half-disdainful lip; the haughty wave of the head, too natural to offend;—it was surely the same. Time had passed lightly over *her*; and but that her bright curls were now simply parted on her high forehead, and the smile, so sunny and frequent, was no longer there, she differed not from what she had been when he had left her in anger six long years ago!

"Josephine!" "Lord Norville!" burst from the lips of either; whilst Sheehan, irresolute whether to advance or recede, stammered out, "Sure an, Miss Bradshawe, yer wilcome, miss; an I hope the noise didn't scare you; but yer used to the ways of us, ony how." His voice recalled the self-possession of Josephine: though ignorant of the cause, her quick eye divined the danger to which the earl had exposed himself; and rapidly advancing into the centre of the room, she placed herself in such a position as effectually to separate Daly from his antagonist.

"Sheehan," she exclaimed, laying her hand on the sleeve of his tattered coat, "are you aware Winny Pratt is dead?"

"The Lord be merciful to us!" groaned Biddy Sarchfield, popping her head from under what we may by courtesy style bed-clothes; "an widout the benefit of the clargy?"

"No, Father Morgan was with her; and it was most fortunate for you all that he did not enter here. Now recollect what I say: she died of the cholera; and if you attempt to wake the body, I will not answer for the consequences."

"Sure but, me lady," said Biddy, "what ud the corse say if it was lift widout the friends, an what ud the neybour's think if they didn't hear the keening?"

"Think you had left off your heathenish practices, for they are no better," answered Miss Bradshawe, with a smile; "at any rate, if you persist in this instance, it will not be without danger to yourselves."

"Josephine," exclaimed Lord Norville, no longer able to keep silence, "are you aware of the character of those amongst whom I find you at this hour? and do you, in the wildest flights of enthusiasm, imagine you can ever benefit such as they are? Your very life is in peril."

"An who'd hurt her, pray? sure an I'd like to see him at it. She's as safe as the clargy, an she knows it too," said Sheehan, eagerly: "but if you're a frind of Miss Bradshawe's, bist take yersilf off, for the fit's on Florry yit."

"Daly," exclaimed Josephine, who, whatever her outward composure, really felt apprehensions for the safety of the intruder, "this gentleman is an old acquaintance of mine: how he came here I know not, but for my sake you must drop your quarrel; it is very late, and he will accompany me home."

"For that matther, miss, there's enough of us widout sich as him," answered Burke, with a glance of ineffable contempt at Lord Norville; "but of course Florry 'll be said by you."

"But you've not heerde the rights of it yet, my lady," said Daly, on whose passion it was evident Josephine's presence was the only restraint. "Could not that girl be sint of an errand widout bringing this fine chap bolt afther her to me very teeth, an I jist about to put up the bans too?"

Miss Bradshawe did not answer; but she cast an involuntary glance of surprise, not unmingled with scorn, in the direction of Lord Norville, who, to say the truth, began to cut a very ridiculous figure in the aspect which affairs had now assumed. "Yes, my lady, it's quite thrue," continued Florry, eager to improve his advantage; for, with his natural shrewdness, he had correctly interpreted the look of Josephine; "an can ye wondher thut it made the blood boil up? But I'll have me revinge on him yet."

"Not before me, I hope," said Miss Bradshawe, with a smile; "you must tell me all about it to-morrow. I thought, Mrs. Carty, you had given up those cards."

"Ah, an, me lady, it's meesilf promised it too; an the devil niver lits me rist night or day; he twists himsilf round me like a sarpant as he is, and sits me rid-hot wid his breath, till I'm 'bliged to drown meesilf undher the pump, for it's all alight I am."

"There's no pace at all wid the poor crathur," whined Biddy Sarchfield from the bed. "She was chopping about wid the broken knife all the livelong night; an didn't she catch houl't of me ragged petticoat, an sware it was the tail of the baste? An that minds me, my lady, praps you've an ould one to spare; or if yer short, maybe you'd pitch into his rivirince for one, for it's not fit for a Christian she's lift it on me." This was too much. Josephine smiled; and Lord Norville, despite his chagrin, laughed outright.

"Well, good night to you all," said Miss Bradshawe; and she moved towards the door, accompanied by the earl, and, in obedience to a glance, followed by Pat Sheehan. As soon as they were out of hearing, she inquired of Sheehan, in a low tone, "Is *he* in danger?"

"Indeed an he is, me lady. Florry's dark intirely, an not about the girl ayther. You minded, sir, what Jack Burke said? Daly's not lik the rist on us; we think much of an injury, he niver forgives a binifit. But *you* are quite safe, Miss Bradshawe; an why shouldn't you be, I'd like to know? Sure, if any one touched a hair of yer head, the boys ud limb him."

"*I* safe," answered Josephine; and she mechanically passed her hand through the arm of her companion. There was a tenderness in the tone, an interest in the action, which sent a thrill of joy to the heart of Lord Norville, and amply compensated for the annoyance he had endured.

"I'd best go wid you, though," said Pat; "Florry may be afther you wid his mad ways."

"No, stay here and detain him until we have cleared the Buildings," answered Miss Bradshawe.

"Don't go down the Buildings at all, miss; you know the ways of the Hollow; cut through Bryant's stables into the coorte; it's rayther dark, but you know the way. I'll go back an pick a quarrel wid Florry, jist to keep his hand in, you know."

"Do not make it a real one, mind," said Josephine, whilst Lord Norville pressed a sovereign into the good-natured fellow's palm. His first impulse was to return it; but the recollection of his own trousers and Mary's best gown both at the pawnbroker's, "an to be relased for the Sinday," conquered his disinterestedness; so he quietly placed in his pocket "the first bit of gould he had iver called cousin."

"Not a word," whispered Josephine, as, firmly holding Lord Norville's hand, she led him with a swift though noiseless step along the dangerous and intricate passages he had so lately traversed. Their natural positions were decidedly reversed, and the earl knew not whether to be mortified or

pleased at circumstances which obliged him to depend for protection on a being so frail, so almost childlike in appearance. She, however, allowed him no time for reflection. On reaching the doorway, instead of proceeding down the court, now comparatively deserted, they turned sharp round, and passing through the iron gateway before mentioned, prepared to descend the steps leading to the Hollow. The reader already knows how steep, rugged, and slippery they were at all times; and as the projecting houses by which they were flanked completely intercepted the light of the moon, now also they were in utter darkness.

"For heaven's sake, my dearest girl, where are we going?" inquired her companion, with such real alarm in his tone that Miss Bradshawe could not suppress a low laugh, bringing a flush of vexation to his cheek.

"A few moments more and all will be right," she replied. "These stones are rather uneven, though."

The trickling of water here again arrested his attention; and whilst Josephine sprang over the impediment, he had the pleasure of stepping full into the midst of a dirty rivulet issuing from a pipe in a factory-wall, thereby completely saturating his thin shoes and silk stockings. Feeling that the adventure was now partaking largely of the ludicrous, and not at all satisfied with the part he had been destined to play throughout, he resigned himself in sullen silence to his fate, angry with himself, his guide, and the whole world. In this way they proceeded half-way down a dirty ill-paved mews, stumbling now and then over loose stones, masses of broken bricks, and other obstructions, which he was inclined to think were laid purposely in *his* way, as if the little dirty urchins whose playthings they were had ever dreamed the whole world contained such a being as Edgar Earl of Norville, or that he would that night be perambulating the "Hollow" in full ball-costume. They paused at length before what appeared to him a hole in the wall, the only distinctly visible object being a heap of wet straw at the mouth of a pit, which imagination painted as unfathomable, and from the depths of which his ears were saluted by a discordant sound peculiar to no animal of which he had any knowledge.

"Where are we going now?" he inquired, almost pettishly; "surely there must be a thoroughfare to this dreadful hole."

"Yes, but the arch is at present filled by loungers from the public-house, and my white dress would insure a recognition more noisy than welcome."

"But you are never going into that den; and what noise is that?"

"Only the poor old horse; he is perfectly quiet, good fellow, and knows my voice; he will not kick, if you do not touch him." So saying, she bounded forward; and Lord Norville felt himself compelled to follow her example, though not so adroitly but that his feet became entangled in the manure, and he stumbled against the poor horse, who by a tremendous snort testified both his surprise and displeasure at this invasion of his narrow territories. "There is another *very* steep step to mount; and pray be careful, or you will fall down the kitchen-stairs and wake all the children. I am really sorry, but it is not my fault," said Miss Bradshawe simply. With a suppressed oath, the step was ascended, then two or three broken stairs, then came a long dark passage, a street-door was pushed open, and at length they stood in a court strongly resembling the one they had quitted, except that it possessed the advantage of a carriage-way, "which was a great thing," as it saved the inhabitants "the thrubble of washing their stones."

Much to the astonishment of the earl, the few remaining loiterers regarded the appearance of Miss Bradshawe as no unusual event, and the repetition of her name as she passed the different groups jarred on his ears. "And she might have been a countess," he soliloquised; "might have passed through life with no wish ungratified, no care unsoothed, and,"— His reflections were abruptly terminated by their finding themselves at the end of the court, and to Lord Norville's astonishment, in the midst of — street. "Is it possible!" he exclaimed; "I have passed down this street thousands of times, and never suspected the existence of such a rookery as this."

"Here, then, we must part, Lord Norville," said Josephine calmly; "Mrs. Selby will be much alarmed at my protracted absence."

"To *you*, at least, I might still be Edgar Wellborne," he exclaimed bitterly; "unlike yourself, I do not *pretend* indifference."

Josephine moved onwards without reply; but before she had proceeded half-a-dozen steps, he was again by her side. "Miss Bradshawe," he continued in a decisive tone, "you do not escape me thus; do you suppose I will allow you to pass unprotected through the streets of London at this hour? and how could I answer to Lord Lindore for humouring such gross imprudence?"

"*Imprudence!*" answered Josephine archly, as her companion drew her hand forcibly through his arm; and they proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Selby's abode.

"I understand your meaning, but must defer an explana-

tion of my share in this night's adventure until a more fitting time. Yet, Josephine, promise me, at least till we meet again, you will not expose your life amongst those uncivilised barbarians; Edgar Wellborne may ask that which would most probably be denied to the Earl of Norville."

"I seek no explanation, my lord, of what concerns me not; I make no promises to avoid a danger which does not exist. Betwixt these people, wild as they appear, and myself, there is a tie which nothing would induce them to violate."

"A tie? a tie between the very refuse of Ireland, the dross of London, and the niece of the Earl of Lindore?—you are surely mad or jesting."

"Yes, the tie of religion; a link which those of the Reformed Church do not appreciate, or even understand. Now tell me candidly, would you consider Angela safe amongst Protestants of the same class as those we visited to-night?"

"I am sure her father would not," said Lord Norville, changing colour; "and to be sincere with you, Josephine, it is not from the people, bad as they are, that I anticipate danger."

"From what then?" she inquired, half playfully: "do you expect I shall fall down some of those steps or pits which you encountered so unwillingly to-night?"

"I expect nothing of the kind, wilful girl; I dread that awful disease which has already commenced its ravages through our land, and which, from the dirty and dissipated habits of the poor, is sure to fix its stronghold amongst them."

"Ay, *that* indeed!" she answered solemnly. "Yet as the martyrs of the olden time shrank not from the rack or scaffold, so must we not shrink from the performance of our duty, however painful, nay dangerous, it may be; it is the will of Almighty God: and was I not equally under his protection by the bedside of that dying woman as had I remained idly at home? Yet, trust me, the cholera will not be confined to the poor alone; if it proceeds from an impure atmosphere, London is so thoroughly intersected by places even worse than these, that we can never hope to escape."

"I fear me not," said Lord Norville with a sigh; "yet, Josephine, since you Catholics are so fond of a sermon, tell me is it not selfish to rend the hearts of those who love you by thus rashly exposing yourself? Be a Romanist if you will, but do not cease to be a rational being."

"Years have indeed added to your prudence, Edgar," she replied. The name had been pronounced involuntarily, and she would gladly have recalled it; but it was too late: the evil was done; and she felt the hand he held pressed to her companion's heart.

"God bless you, my Josephine, for that one word! You have not, then, become the cold heartless being we believed? you have not yet forgotten"—

"The word escaped from the mere force of habit," she eagerly interrupted; "for the rest, I assure you my actions and feelings are in perfect accordance, nor do I see how either can or ought to interest the affianced husband of my cousin. But I am nearly exhausted, and would rather perform the remainder of our short journey in silence." He did not answer, and both appeared lost in a profound reverie, until they reached the door at which they were to part. The time had been employed by Josephine in earnest mental prayer; she was conscious of the temptation to which she was exposed; it had, therefore, lost half its danger; yet the wounds of her heart had been reopened; and as she offered her sufferings to her God, she turned towards His mild and compassionate Mother to pray for and to pity her. For Lord Norville, the subject of his meditations may be guessed; since, on relinquishing Miss Bradshawe's hand, he passionately exclaimed, "Of one thing rest assured, Josephine,—I shall never be the husband of Lady Angela Malvern." He turned away; and whilst Josephine, overcome by fatigue, calmly slept, he paced up and down the street, scarcely conscious of what he was about. Two Josephines flitted before him. The one as he had last beheld her in that old hall, the abode of her ancestors, with her young heart all his own, yet at the call of duty severing with her own hand the links by which they were united. The other Josephine, no longer his, a calm placid being, who acted, thought, was even apparently happy, without the slightest reference to him; the face seemed the same, the form slighter than ever: and it was evident that whatever feeling might linger in her bosom, it was subordinate, and only sufficient to relieve her from the charge of insensibility; she was a free agent too, not the blind tool he had thought to find her; too content with her present position to waste one sigh on what she had sacrificed. Of this Lord Lindore had often assured him; but he never believed it, and he even now sought to stifle a conviction so unflattering to his self-love. How should he act? A bright though intruding figure solved this question for him. The youthful high-born Angela, with her light heart and all the dazzling loveliness of her mother's Italian ancestors, must ever stand betwixt himself and Josephine. Ah, why was this engagement ever entered into? It had pleased Lord Lindore little, himself less; Angela had scarce been consulted at all; Lord Norville must marry some one: so somehow or other, the countess had it all her own

way. Still he was resolved. At this moment a policeman, who had for some time past been watching his movements, not altogether approving of his lengthened promenade in so confined a space, requested him to move on; and Lord Norville reluctantly obeyed.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE ANCIENTS.

IN a former paper on this subject, mention was made of gold having been found, even in modern times, in Scotland. We now adduce the evidence of this fact,—that of an eyewitness, whose curious work, very rare in the original, has recently been reprinted. It is entitled *Metallum Martis*, by Dud Dudley, and was first published in the year 1665. Particles of gold, we may observe, are still occasionally met with in the lead-hills of Scotland.*

“The author did see, anno '37, at Shortlough, in Scotland, six men to dig and carry with wheele-barrows the common earth or mould unto rivolets remote, out of which those men did wash gold-grains as good as in the sand of the rivers, in which rivers many have gotten gold, and seen grains of sol near one ounce weight, both in the Lowlands and in the Highlands; also he hath seen gold gotten in England, but not so plentiful as in Scotland. For Sir James Hope, anno 1654, brought from Scotland baggs of gold grains unto Cromwell, some of which grains were very large, and as fine as any gold in the world that is in mines; thus I came to see the baggs, taking a view of the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland anno '37, in which year I spent the whole summer in opening of mines and making of discoveries, was at Sir James Hope's lead-hills, near which I got gold; and he coming to London, imployed Captain David Acheson, a refiner, whom I met in Scotland, anno '37, to find me out. When I came unto Sir James Hope, dwelling in White Hall, he produced the baggs unto me, and poured the gold out upon a board; in which was one large piece of gold which had to it adjoyning a large piece of white spar very transparent, which Cap. David Acheson, yet living at Edinburgh, saw.”

Humboldt in his *Cosmos*† has some brief remarks on the sources from which the Phœnicians and Greeks obtained their supplies of the precious metal; but the greater portion of his account is taken up with a not very profitable discussion of the disputed question as to the locality of the scriptural Ophir.

* Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography*, vol. i. p. 297.

† Vol. ii. pp. 132-4, 141-2.

Some writers consider that it was situated on the eastern coast of Africa; others place it on the western coast of India. Now there can be no doubt at all that a considerable quantity of gold was imported from India into Europe in very early times. The commerce with India in shawls, spices, silks, gems, and perfumery, was well known to the Greeks before the expedition of Alexander, and probably even before the Persian wars. The embroidered πέπλοι (much the same manufactures which we still prize so highly as Indian shawls), "the works of Sidonian women," are mentioned even in Homer.* The same were also called "Babylonian" in later times, and must be considered rather as Indian works, obtained by and through the Phœnicians, Tyrians, or Sidonians, than as the productions of those nations. It is not uninteresting to remark, that the beautiful vegetable dyes of India were celebrated in the Augustan age; as Strabo writes, "This country (India) produces admirable dyes both for the hair and for garments."† But to revert to gold, as the one produce of India with which we are now especially concerned, Strabo repeatedly affirms its existence, and even specifies the rivers and mines from which it was obtained. Speaking of the Seres (a name familiar to the readers of Horace and Virgil), he says, "It is peculiar to them not to make any use of gold and silver, though they have mines."‡ On the authority of Megasthenes, he also says that the rivers in the north of India "brought down particles of gold, from which tribute was paid to the Persian king."§ In the country of Carmania, lying west of India and between that and Persia, the geographer quotes Onesicritus as testifying to the existence of gold and silver both in mines and in particles washed down by a certain river.|| A more particular account is given of the gold obtained in Arabia:¶ "A river flows through this part of the country which carries down gold-dust, but the people do not know how to work it. Near to this tribe is a more civilised race, inhabiting a finer land, both well watered and fertilised by rain. Here gold is dug up, not as mere dust, but in lumps, requiring very little refining, the smallest of them as large as a cherry-stone, the mean size that of a medlar, and the largest as big as a walnut. They string these bits of gold alternately with transparent

* Iliad, vi. 289.

† Strabo, lib. xv. cap. 1. The Tyrian dyes were sea-purple, from the shell-fish called *murex trunculus*.

‡ Lib. xv. cap. 1.

§ Ibid. The gold-mines and gold-dust of India are mentioned by Herodotus, lib. iii. 106.

|| Lib. xv. cap. 2.

¶ Lib. xvi. cap. 4.

pebbles, and make necklaces and bracelets. They also barter the gold at a low price with their neighbours, giving three times the quantity of it for copper, and twice the quantity for silver. This happens through their ignorance of any method of working it, and the scarcity of the necessities of life which they obtain in exchange."

Strabo has a very interesting passage,* in which he gives at one view the sources from which the ancient kings of Asia derived their abundant wealth in gold, though he avows that his authorities are not as trustworthy as might be desired: "The riches of Tantalus and the descendants of Pelops came from the mines near Phrygia and mount Sipylus; Cadmus obtained his in the region of Thrace and mount Pangæum; Priam, from the gold-mines at Astyra, near Abydos, where some small remnants may yet be collected, and the quantity of soil thrown up and the excavations are proofs of the ancient gold-diggings. The wealth of Midas came from the parts near mount Bermius; that of Gyges and Alyattes and Cræsus, from a deserted village of Lydia, which now has the soil round it turned up by mining." It appears, therefore, that the coast of Asia Minor was once extremely rich in gold, since the great wealth of Midas and Cræsus was proverbial. "As rich as Cræsus," is a phrase still familiar to all, though few, perhaps, take the trouble to consider the grounds of its origin. The immense riches of that king are described by the most authentic witnesses. Solon himself was allowed to inspect the royal treasury, and Herodotus has recorded it.† The golden ingots, statues, and bowls offered by him to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, besides others sent to Thebes, are minutely specified, both as to weight and size, by the same trustworthy writer,‡ who speaks of them as for the most part still existing. These offerings are of such enormous value, that the quantity of gold then existing must have been truly prodigious.

The north-eastern parts of Europe, and the vast country formerly called by the general name of Scythia, and now known as Tartary and Siberia, were in very early times celebrated for their gold. Herodotus§ describes a Scythian tribe, the Massagetæ, as using copper and gold "for all purposes;" the latter for ornamenting the trappings of their horses and their own armour, the former for axes and spears; "for," he adds, "they have no silver nor iron, but copper and gold in great plenty." The famous story of the Argonautic expedition and the Golden Fleece is now plausibly explained as a myth representing a very early voyage of the Greeks to obtain possession of certain gold-

* Lib. xiv. cap. 5.

† Lib. i. cap. 30.

‡ Lib. i. cap. 50-2.

§ Lib. i. cap. 215.

washings beyond the Euxine sea; the "golden fleece" implying that the loose particles were caught by placing sheep-skins in the rapids of auriferous streams. The very curious tradition, mentioned by both Greek and Latin writers, of gigantic ants, which in their burrowings threw up golden sand, has been well explained by Humboldt,* the Hindostanee words for "ant" and for a small kind of leopard being almost identical. "In this desert," says Herodotus, who seems to have been the originator of the story,† "and in the sand, are certain immense ants, less than dogs, but larger than foxes; for there are some of them kept by the Persian king, having been caught and taken thence. These ants, in making for themselves subterraneous habitations, throw up the soil just as the ants in Greece do; and the sand thus turned up is full of gold particles. In search of this gold the Indians make expeditions into the desert." He goes on to describe at some length the process of getting the gold-sand, which the Indians stuff hastily into bags and gallop off on their camels, before the ants, which are busy burrowing underground, perceive them by the smell; and he assures us that if they did not make good speed, the ants would overtake and devour them! The region here spoken of is placed by Humboldt north of the Himalaya mountains, and towards the great desert of Gobi.

Strange and improbable as was this tale about the ants, Latin writers have not hesitated to follow the account. Propertius,‡ in describing the avarice and luxury of the Romans in the Augustan age, says—

"Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis,
Et venit e rubro concha Erycina salo."

And Pliny§ has the same statement, doubtless taken from Herodotus: "Indicæ formicæ . . . aurum ex cavernis egerunt terræ in regione septemtrionalium Indorum."

The island of Thasos, to the south of Thrace, supplied an amount of gold annually, which Herodotus, who himself saw the mines, estimates at eighty talents;|| but he considers the sum-total of gold received by the Thasians from their own mines and the adjacent continent at 300 talents in the best years. Gold and silver were also extracted from a mountain not far from the same place.¶

There is but little mention, we believe, in the classical writers, of gold obtained from Africa. The western coast

* Cosmos, vol. ii. p. 142.

† Lib. iii. cap. 102.

‡ Book iii. El. xiii. v. 5.

§ Nat. Hist. lib. xi. 36.

|| Herod. lib. vi. cap. 46. A gold talent, which is here probably meant, was less than an ounce weight.

¶ Ibid. lib. vii. 112.

which is so rich in that metal, was hardly known except in the north-west part. Herodotus, however, speaks of gold-dust being extracted from a lake in an island not far from Carthage.*

It is sufficiently evident from what has already been said (and to pursue the subject in all its details would require a volume), that the supply of the precious metals both in Greece and Rome was very large. When the greater portion of the known world became subject to the Roman Empire in the reign of Augustus, the influx of wealth was necessarily enormous; sums of money are very frequently spoken of in writers of credit which would surpass all belief, if we were not assured of the immense riches of that people. In the reign of Tiberius a law was enacted by the senate, "*ne vasa auro solida ministrandis cibis fierent*," that it should be unlawful to possess dinner-services of solid gold.† This single fact seems conclusive of the question. Now, the amount of gold and silver, in their nature almost indestructible, has been constantly accumulating for the last 2000 years, and yet the relative value has probably remained much the same. For instance, a comparison of the value of the Attic coins shews that gold was worth about 1000 times as much as copper;‡ and if we take a farthing to be the same size as a sovereign, we shall find that 960 of the former go to one of the latter. The accumulation of gold and silver (and, indeed, of all the metals in common use) in all parts of the world at the present day will appear very vast, when we consider that there is only one way (apart from oxidisation, to which the vulgar metals are more or less liable), namely, by being sunk in the deep sea, in which they can be irretrievably lost. We say *irretrievably*, because buried treasure may at any time be, and very often is, accidentally recovered. It is possible, therefore, that any one of our sovereigns may contain in it particles of gold which have been in the hands of men and in active circulation for thousands of years. Many persons, it is well known, are alarmed lest, with twenty millions of bullion already deposited in our national treasury, a glut of gold from California and Australia should produce a serious evil,—a complete revolution in our monetary system, and consequently in society itself. Not, of course, that we can have more gold than we want, so long as it retains its standard or relative value; but lest that value should be diminished, and a sovereign become comparatively

* Herod. iv. 195. It was obtained by young girls plunging feathers dipped in pitch into the mud.

† Tacitus, Ann. book ii. cap. 33.

‡ Dictionary of Antiquities, in v. Talentum.

worthless. We before stated the improbability of this. It is evident that the value of all metals employed in coinage is to a certain extent fictitious. The discovery of new iron-mines might reduce the price of that metal one or two pounds per ton ; but copper would not be similarly affected by any sudden influx, so long as twelve pennies are convertible with a shilling, and twenty shillings with a pound. Within the last six years, nearly a million sterling of copper has been smelted from the Burra Burra mines in South Australia ; but a penny, or in other words, an ounce of copper, is still precisely of the same relative value. It will seem to many an extraordinary fact, that a great abundance of national wealth, instead of reducing the actual value of money, regarded as the means of procuring the necessaries and comforts of life, actually enhances it. The reason is, that trade and competition are so stimulated by a copious supply of money, that commodities become, as we call it, cheaper ; which is the same as saying a sovereign will procure more, or is more valuable. It is an admitted truth, that 100*l.* at the present time will “go as far” as 150*l.* would some twenty years ago ; that is, a person can now live on 100*l.* a-year with as much of comfort and luxury as he then could on 150*l.* Consequently the real value of money has been raised in the same proportion, while it has become much more plentiful.

It is a common remark, that money was worth much more some hundreds of years ago than it now is ; for example, that 100*l.* paid in the reign of Henry VIII. was as large a sum as 1000*l.* would be in the coinage of Queen Victoria. There is a fallacy in this which requires a few words of explanation. If a certain sum, say 100*l.*, is regarded *as a moiety of the whole national capital*, when that capital is small, it is very true that it is, *pro tanto*, as valuable, and will make the possessor *relatively as rich*, as ten times that sum when the whole national capital is ten times as great. But it is absurd to infer that 100*l.* in those days would purchase as many goods as 1000*l.* would now do ; for the very reverse is more probably the fact, viz. that 1000*l.* then would not have purchased a larger heap of corn or a better wardrobe, or have furnished a house more comfortably, than 100*l.* would now do.

There is no fear, therefore, of the influx of gold to *any* amount, so long as its standard value is maintained. And as this is a matter of law, and as the welfare of society absolutely requires that it should be maintained, no alarm need be felt lest the possessor of ten thousand pounds should find himself, in the course of a few years, the possessor only of ten thousand shillings.

Let us be allowed, in conclusion, to add a few words on the interesting question, *What is gold?* This is a problem, indeed, which neither the alchemists of the middle ages, nor the most acute philosophers of our times, have been able fully to resolve. Nevertheless, something is known with considerable certainty on the subject.

Gold, like every other metal, is the combination of a peculiar earth with electricity. According as the electricity is more or less firmly inherent, the metal is more or less bright, ductile, and malleable. Those metals which easily rust, easily part with their electricity and combine with oxygen. If the electricity can be artificially imparted, as in galvanised iron, and as appears to be the case in the rails on our railways which are not liable to rust like quiescent iron, then the tendency to oxidise is diminished. Now the earth of which metals are formed is believed to have risen from the heated interior of our globe, and to have filled crevices previously made in the ancient rocks by the process of cooling or the action of electric currents. Some metals, as tin and copper, lie very deep; others, of which gold is one, are always comparatively superficial. But generally, the deeper the mine, the less productive are the lodes. The reason of this is, that the outer crust of the earth, having first cooled, arrested and consolidated the greater portion of the volatile mineral matter.

If we would ascend to the primitive or elementary existence of the metals, we must probably refer them to some subtle admixture in that cosmical vapour or solar atmosphere from which all planetary systems are believed to have been consolidated in vast concentric rings around a central nucleus. The circumstance that aërolites, which are believed to be minute and as it were fragmentary planetary bodies, always contain the very same* metals which exist in the crust of our earth, is in favour of this view. Therefore, metals may have been deposited by sublimation—by gaseous exhalations from the great fire-lakes which occupy the interior of our globe. They may be capable of constant or periodical renewal, or their formation may have been consequent on certain conditions of the earth which have long passed away and will never return.

* Humboldt, *Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 120.

Reviews.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHY UNDER THE PENAL LAWS.

Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in Northumberland. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Imprinted by George Bouchier Richardson, Printer to the Society of Antiquaries, &c. 1851.

WE have read with great interest this very pleasing little sketch of the life of an English Catholic lady at the close of the sixteenth century, or rather in the early part of the seventeenth, for the heroine of the tale had not long been married when James I. came to the throne in 1603, and she lived till about the middle of King Charles's reign. It is a story without any remarkable incidents; no hairbreadth escapes or perpetual threatenings of danger, such as one might naturally have expected in any Catholic biography belonging to that period; but, on the contrary, a most calm and peaceful picture of a life spent in the zealous discharge of all Christian duties, even including those corporal and spiritual works of mercy whose exercise we should scarcely have thought practicable to a Catholic in those times. Altogether it is so valuable a piece of biography, and belonging to a class of which we have so few specimens—we scarcely know another that can be named with it, except it be that of Mrs. Margaret Clitheroe,—that we are anxious to call our readers' special attention to it.

It is from the pen of the Rev. William Palmes or Palmer, a member of the Society of Jesus, and private chaplain and confessor to Mrs. Lawson for a period of seven years, up to the time of her death in 1632; so that we have the very surest guarantee for the truth and accuracy of its statements. The original ms. was unfortunately lost on the occasion of the English nuns leaving Bruges at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the oldest copy now extant is thus inscribed: "This book belongs to M. Lawson, begun first to be copied from the originall by the Rev. Father Ambrose Pain, of the Seraphicall Order of Saint Francis, and finished by Sister Mary Anastasia Lawson, of the third order, att Princenhoff in Bruges, 1749." It has never before been printed; and even now, being published by a merely Archæological Society at Newcastle, it was deemed advisable to omit some few portions of the work, which, however edifying to the faithful, would only be received with a sneer of scorn by the world in general. This circumstance having come to our knowledge, we applied to the present head of the family, in

whose possession the manuscript is, for leave to publish those portions in our pages; and we have great pleasure in publicly acknowledging the ready courtesy with which our request was acceded to. A copy of the suppressed passages was immediately forwarded to us, and will be inserted in the course of the present article. But first we must give a brief outline of the narrative.

Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Margaret Constable, was born at the house of her maternal grandfather, Sir Robert Dormer, in the year of our Lord 1580. Lady Margaret was a sincere and zealous Catholic, and amongst the number of those who suffered imprisonment for the faith. She is quaintly described to us as having been

“rarely parted by nature, embellished with singular endowments in the internall, a beauty in the externall, full of majesty, tall in stature, sweet in countenance, fair in complexion, qualified with a proportion of vermilion, of an accomplished gracefulness, and in her whole composition so attractive, that she was commonly stiled the star of the court, and a mirrour or looking-glass in the country.”

And her daughter, the subject of the present history, was just such another :

“In stature, voice, proportion, comeliness, and all other lineaments drawn by the curious pencil of nature, she was so lively a piece of her mother, that they were scarcely by any thing but age distinguishable; so that to form a new description of the daughter, were to repeat my precedent of the mother.”

At the early age of seventeen she was persuaded by her parents, “a word of whom to *her* temper was as much as a thousand to one of another garbe,” to accept the hand of Roger Lawson, Esq., son and heir to Sir Ralph Lawson of Brough. The marriage was celebrated “with universall acclamations of friends, and splendour in every particular correspondent to their calling.” We are assured, however, by her reverend biographer, that “in the confluence of these allurements the bride herself was as weary of such strait as ever shee was of learning her A B C, or of needle-work, when a child.”

At the end of a week or ten days her husband and his father—for she had gone to live with her husband’s family at Brough—had “occasions of concearnment” which called them to London; and the young bride took this opportunity of opening her mind to her mother-in-law upon the subject nearest to her heart, the free exercise of her religion.

“She made a spiritual complaint to my lady Lawson, that whilst her body feasted, her soul fasted; and that good lady was

much edified and taken with her querimonious request, but answered she neither knew where to find a priest nor how (all her servants being conformable to the times) to entertain him. . . . The coldness of this answer nothing abated the edge of her desire; . . . she therefore undauntedly reply'd, she bothe knew how to find one, and with her permission to send for him and entertain him."

Accordingly she succeeded in obtaining a visit of a week from Father Holtby, a Jesuit, and afterwards Provincial of his order; harbouring him during these seven days in a room within the quarter allotted for her own lodging, and

"herself and her woman, who were the only Catholicks among the servants, making ready his chamber and diet. This gallantry so animated the good lady Lawson, that whereas she formerly went abroad to divine service, hereafter, during the time of her daughter's abode there, she had it constantly every month at home. Nor did the sunshine of her resplendent virtues make a stand at this point; it proceeded by her industry to the conversion of all Sir Ralph's children [excepting, as we shall presently see, her own husband], and increased the number of servants to six in the faith of Christ. This happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when if the persuaders to that profession were brought to their teste, their punishment was death, by a statute enacted under that princess. Wherefore as persecution was hott, so conversions were rare, and only to be attempted by such as God gave courage to say, 'love is strong as death.'"

In process of time, Mrs. Lawson's family came to be so numerous, that it was necessary to seek a home elsewhere; and the whole task of arranging the new residence (which was at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne) devolved upon Mrs. L., her husband being continually absent in London "about law business." This circumstance enabled her to provide, what she had lacked at Brough, a private oratory in the house, with proper conveniences for the residence of a priest. The oratory, or "house for God," was "in a decent garbe," we are told; and the priest's chamber was ostensibly "appointed by grant from her husband, only for his children to say their prayers," in order to avoid suspicion. Moreover, she was obliged to convey the priest into the house by night; and, still further to shelter herself from all suspicion, and

"for her husband's satisfaction, who still comply'd with the times, she went monthly abroad, as if she had wanted the conveniences at home. Her second care and solicitude was to provide Catholick servants, the which shee did so dexterously by little and little, hiering one after another, and never two att once, that her husband, between jest and earnest, tould her his family was become Papists ere he perceived it."

We shall the better appreciate this latter act of Christian charity towards the poorer members of the household of faith, if we call to mind the refinement of cruelty that had just then been introduced into the penal laws, by which it was enacted that every householder, of whatever religion, keeping Catholic servants, should be liable to pay for each individual 10*l.* per lunar month; a burden which was found so intolerable that, as we learn from the correspondence of Boderie, at that time the French ambassador in this country, very many persons immediately dismissed their whole establishments, one nobleman alone discharging sixty in one day. The same authority, however, goes on to say that he knew of other noble families who were determined to suffer any penalty, however severe, rather than be guilty of such inhumanity. Mrs. Lawson's discreet but heroic conduct was still more noble than theirs: she gradually dismissed a large Protestant household, who would find no difficulty in procuring situations elsewhere, and introduced Catholics in their stead; thus proving herself a very angel of charity to that numerous and oppressed class, of Catholic servants, in the hour of their greatest need. Nor were this lady's noble exertions "for the faith once delivered to the saints" confined to her own domestic circle. Not only did she instruct her own children in Christian doctrine, and gather around her a Christian household, but the warmth of her divine charity made itself felt throughout the whole neighbourhood; dissolving hearts that had been long "congealed in the hard ice of obstinate heresy;" relieving the distressed; baptising with her own hand children in danger of death; and "converting souls to the true faith, with success so prosperous, that many, above a hundred, were reconciled by her endeavours." It must not be forgotten too that, as our author expressly mentions, it was necessary that all these labours in the service of God should be, "like those of Nicodemus, by night and by stealth."

At length, about the year 1614, her husband died; not, however, before she had had the consolation of procuring him a priest, who, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, prepared him for his passage out of this world into the next: and it is during the remaining twenty years of her life that the truly heroic courage and never-dying charity of this saintly woman shone forth with their most perfect brilliancy. Before this event, she had been obliged to do many things, and (we cannot but suppose) to forbear also from doing many things to which her pious will inclined her, out of a proper dutiful regard for her husband, "who was conformable to the times." Henceforth she had no such restraints; and

the ardour of her zeal carried her forwards to many undertakings which (as we have already said) we should scarcely have supposed possible at such a time. For with however great indifference either James or Charles may have been themselves personally disposed to view the full practice of the Catholic religion by individuals living in the strictest privacy, yet the authority of the penal laws had given so much power against those who violated them into the hands of every wicked spy or calumniator, however base, that it is marvellous to see a lady of noble birth, and holding a conspicuous position in the neighbourhood, the mistress of a large establishment, practising all the duties of the Catholic religion without fear or compromise, and assisting at the celebration of all its rites and ceremonies, without ever being informed against, or, as far as we know, in any way molested, by the hatred, envy, or even the cold and calculating covetousness of some heretical neighbour. We *know* from other sources that in those calamitous times the son was often led to denounce or accuse the parent, the husband the wife, the brother the brother, the penitent the priest, the servant the master, tempted to such wickedness by the luring bait of gold; and the fact that this lady was never once interfered with during nearly twenty years' continued violation of the laws, with circumstances of even more than ordinary boldness, speaks volumes for the commanding influence which her generous self-denying charity had obtained for her: it must have been indeed, as her biographer has told us, "that every one loved her with fear, and feared her with love."

By and by she was again constrained to change her residence; and this time she had not to arrange an old house, but to build a new one. She selected a spot for this purpose called St. Anthony's, which in Catholic times had been dedicated to that saint, "his picture being decently placed in a tree near the river Tyne for the comfort of seamen." It had been partly this circumstance which had led her to fix upon this particular spot; partly, also, certain peculiar conveniences which it offered for retirement and security. As she intended the house

"chiefly for spiritual uses, she invited Mr. Holtby, Superior of the Society of Jesus, to lay the first stone. At the end of the house, opposite to the water, shee caused to be made the sacred name of Jesus, large in proportion and accurate for art, that it might serve the mariners instead of St. Antony's picture; and when the fabric was ended, shee dedicated the whole to St. Michael and St. Antony, and each room (the chappell excepted, which was consecrated to the Mother of God) was nominated and publickly known by the name of some particular saint."

It appears that some of her more cautious and timid friends thought that "these remarkable ensigns" (the sacred monogram) "would but provoke the enemy, and foment malice, hatred, danger, and some insolent attempts." She persisted, however, in having it executed in the manner we have described; partly for her own safeguard and protection, "esteeming herself ever safest under that standard;" partly for the benefit of seafaring men of other nations, who might observe it as they came sailing up the river, and know it to be a Catholic house: and it seems to have been eminently successful for both these purposes. Foreigners were led by it to "fly thither in swarms for their spirituall reflection;" and whereas all other Catholic houses were severely searched, this mercifully escaped, the Holy Name proving "to this little hermitage the letter *Tau* in times of severest persecution."

No sooner had she settled in this new home than "shee had an earnest desire to be like a solitary turtle in the desert," and to retire into some religious solitude. This pious desire, however, was overruled by her spiritual director, to whom she yielded a ready acquiescence; and indeed it is easy to see that the retirement of such a person into a religious house at that time would have been attended with the most disastrous consequences to all the Catholics of the neighbourhood, "who spiritually depended of her."

"On festivall-days they heard mass and evensong; and when there was not a sermon in the morning, there was usually a catechisme in the afternoon, to which her neighbours' children were called with her own household, and herself never absent, delighting much to hear them examined, and distributing medalls and Agnus-deis to those that answered best. In the Holy Week shee had performed in that chappell all the ceremonies appropriated to that blessed time. . . . On Holy Thursday a sepulcher, deck'd with sumptuous jewells, and reverently attended day and night by her family and neighbours. On Friday creeping to the cross, which in kissing shee bathed with tears. . . . Finally, those that repaired there for their Easter communion, *which were sometimes nigh a hundred*, were all invited (according to our phrase) to break Lent's neck with her, in honour of Christ's joyful and glorious resurrection." Christmas, too, was celebrated with equal solemnity: "shee spent the eve of this festivity, from eight att night till two in the morning, in prayer; litanies began punctually at eight; immediately after, confessions, which with a sermon lasted till twelve; att twelve were celebrated three masses; which being ended, all broak their fast with a Christmass pye, and departed to their own houses."

"When this apostolical spirit arrived first at Heton, there was but one Catholic family in the parish or circuit; no church-stuff but hers, which was carried to severall places upon necessity. But att

her departure from thence (or St. Anthony's, which is all one, because it borders upon it) to heaven, there was not one heretick family, and six altars were erected for divine service."

We pass by many other interesting passages, which concern either her own particular devotions or the state of English Catholic society at that time, because we hope that our readers will be induced to make a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself; and we must now hurry forward to those portions of which we have already spoken, that are not to be found there. After giving us an account of Mrs. Lawson's death and burial, how "with Jesus in her mouth and a jubily in her soul, she sweetly departed about twelve of the clock, in the year of our Lord 1632, and of her own age 52;" and how her body was laid "with Catholic ceremonies in the grave" two days afterwards at Newcastle,—Father Palmer goes on, according to the usual practice of the biographers of saints, to enumerate the "various testimonials of her sanctity."

"God is ever wonderful, says the Holy Ghost, in his saints, commending, by extraordinary operations, his particular love to them, and universal providence over all the whole world. His love; for that whereas at first they were fermented by nature into a gross bulk or body of leaven, He subtilises them by grace, which schoolmen call *gratum faciens*, making gratefull; and the first being, or creation in sin, He recreates by a second architecture, incomparably better, of sanctity and virtue. His providence to the world, for elevating them by another grace called *data gratis*, bestowed upon them gratis to operate for the good of things above any power under the Highest. This never-ceasing bounty was not deficient in our glorious saint, but testified her eminent holiness by several remonstrances [demonstrations] before and since her death, which, if I may not assume the liberty yet to know miracles, certainly I shall not be responsible to the honour I owe her renowned merits, and account I am tied by charge to give unto the world, if I acknowledge them pfeasible by any hand, sublunary or supernall, but God's.

"The first is, that above twenty years before she died she was seen by her husband in two places at once; for delighting much to see her take care of her domestick affairs, as she could doe it extreamly well, he beheld her one day amongst the servants in the kitchin as he pass'd by, and going directly to his chamber, which was accessible but by one pair of stairs, he found her there upon her knees, with such astonishment, as after that he profess'd he never thought time lost in house-keeping which she spent in prayer.

"The second: some years after, being dangerously sick, she

prophecied her own recovery, and that in her life-time a sect should arise in England like the Catholick profession, but not Catholick; both which happened according to her prediction: for it pleas'd God she recover'd of that sickness, tho' given over by all physicians, except one, whose opinion was only grounded on the goodness of God's mercies, who, he thought, would not deprive so many children of such a parent; and about a dozen years after Armenism [query, *Arminianism*?] was publicly professed in those parts, with altars, crucifixes, candles, and other ceremonies of the Roman Church; but like a beautiful sepulcher, fair without and foul within, and nothing in reality semblable to it.

"The third: presently after her death," &c.&c. (See printed life, p. 53, ending with "so worthy a lady.")

"The fourth miracle: three years after her death, I did lend the beads she ordinarily used, and gave them from about her arm the very morning she died, to a woman in a desperate feaver, who was suddenly restor'd to health, and ascrib'd this favour, next to God, to her merits; these beads the Countess of Nidsdale keeps for a special relick, and places them amongst her dearest jewels.

"Now I must conclude." (See printed life, p. 54. The MS. terminates with the words "her mediation in heaven.")

In conclusion, we venture to express a very earnest hope that the example which has been set by the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this interesting and valuable little book, may before long be very generally followed by other old English Catholic families, in whose keeping documents of a similar kind may still exist. There are not many, perhaps, who could produce so complete a life in so authentic a form (being the work of a contemporary, and one possessing singular advantages for the most intimate knowledge of his subject) of any individual member of their family during the last three centuries; still it cannot be but that tradition has preserved in very many of them lively reminiscences of the deeds and sufferings of their forefathers; of the holy self-denying lives of some, the saintly deaths of others; of the special trials which this one underwent, or the methods of concealment or of escape by which another managed to baffle the pursuit of his enemies; in a word, of a thousand interesting particulars belonging to those ages of persecution, a knowledge of which would tend greatly to the edification of the faithful at the present day. In some instances we have reason to believe that these traditions are very copious, and have been long since committed to writing; and it is from no feeling of cu-

riosity that we desire to see them made public, but, as we have already hinted, because we believe they would have a powerful effect for the edification of the faithful. We observe that the Rev. J. Anderson has lately given to the world a handsome volume entitled *Ladies of the Covenant, or Memorials of distinguished Scottish Female Characters during the period of the Covenant and the Persecution*; and no one, with any knowledge of human nature, can doubt but that such a work is not only intended to rescue from oblivion the events which it commemorates, but also is eminently calculated to foster and strengthen in those who study it that particular cast of character and form of belief through which the heroines of the tale became famous. Shall Catholics be less jealous than such as these to preserve the memory of their saintly martyrs and confessors; or less anxious to do all that lies in their power to commend their heavenly virtues to the imitation of their brethren? The ancient Church was ever careful to preserve, for the benefit of future ages, every thing that concerned the histories of her saints and martyrs; and as soon as the severity of the persecution was at all abated, so as to admit of free communication between one Church and another, such memorials were transmitted from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, throughout the whole Christian world. Moreover, each particular Church always retained, as was natural, a special reverence and devotion for the heroes of its own locality, and guarded with peculiar jealousy all memorials belonging to them. And if in times past the social condition and circumstances of Catholics in this country have not been such as to allow of their following the practice of their forefathers in this regard—certainly it has not been such as to encourage them to do so—yet now at least the times are greatly changed; and there seems to be a special call for the publication of memorials like this of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson. The English Church is just now emerging, as it were, from a prison-house of three centuries; her bishops again in their chairs, and her priests standing around in their places; and the people, startled out of their long lethargy by this vision of a Catholic hierarchy rising before their eyes, ask with astonished bewilderment where the Church has been during these ages that are past, what she has been doing, and why they have not heard of her before. These questions are partly answered, indeed, by books already in existence; such as Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, Madden's *Sketch of the Penal Laws*, and the like; but they would also be answered quite as fully, and in a far more winning way, by memoirs of the kind we have been now considering. We earnestly hope, then, that

the present publication will prove to be only the first-fruits of a rich and plentiful harvest soon to be gathered in; and that the deficiency in our historical literature to which we have called attention will soon be supplied by those who alone have the power of supplying it,—the representatives of some of our old English Catholic families.

DR. PHILLPOTTS AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Edinburgh Review. No. 193, January 1852. Longmans.

A Letter to Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M.P., on certain Statements in an Article of the Edinburgh Review, No. 193, entitled "Bishop Phillpotts." By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. Murray, London.

A Rejoinder to the Bishop of Exeter's Reply to the Edinburgh Review. By the Edinburgh Reviewer. Longmans.

A Letter to the Archdeacon of Totnes on the Necessity of Episcopal Ordination. By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. 1852. Murray, London.

THERE are many amiable persons, ministers of the Establishment and others, belonging to what is called the High-Church party, who are in the habit of looking upon the Protestant Bishop of Exeter as a confessor, if not a doctor also, of the "Anglican branch of the Catholic Church;" or, to borrow the language of the Edinburgh Reviewer, as "the Athanasius of the West, the champion of the faith, the pillar of the tottering Church, 'alone among the faithless faithful found.'" Out of a feeling of pure compassion for these estimable individuals—such at least is the motive put forward by the writer himself—a contributor to the Whig Quarterly has lately undertaken to dispel all such pleasing delusions by presenting his readers with what he considers to be a true and faithful portrait of that dignitary's character, as far at least as it may be gathered from his actions as a politician and as the administrator (under her Majesty) of the ecclesiastical affairs of his diocese. The general object and character of the article in which this portrait is exhibited will be best understood by the following brief extracts, which are a very fair sample of the whole. Dr. Phillpotts is described as

"a shrewd and worldly churchman, violent by calculation, intemperate by policy, selfish in his ends, and unscrupulous in his means."

The writer undertakes to prove that "every act of his administration may be referred to one of three motives,—love of power, love of family, or love of notoriety;" and, finally, he accuses him of "adopting intolerance as a cloak for self-interest; mixing the most exalted spiritual pretensions with the most tortuous secular intrigues; exaggerating the sanctity of the clerical office, yet violating it by the most scandalous acts of nepotism; assuming the loftiest tone of an apostle, to mask the sharpest practice of an attorney; stirring up a tempest of agitation, only that the turbid atmosphere may veil his transgressions from the public eye."

Such is the nature of the charges brought against the dignitary who presides over her Majesty's clergy in the western extremity of this island; and if we may trust the very strong internal evidence of the article and its rejoinder, they are brought by one of his own subordinate officers. It is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that his lordship should have felt himself called upon to take some public notice of them; not, of course, in the vague general form in which we have here exhibited them, but in the way of a reply to certain specific examples by which the reviewer had endeavoured to substantiate them. Nobody, however, but Henry of Exeter himself would ever have conducted his defence in the way in which he has done it: he declares, and of course we are bound to believe him, that he has not read the article which he undertakes to answer, but only received an account of its principal contents from a trustworthy friend; "the *Review* contains, *I am told*, the following passage;" "*I am informed* that the reviewer has inserted the following note," &c. &c. This very peculiar mode of replying to an attack is eminently characteristic. Of course it gives his adversaries the advantage of asserting, that to all those charges of which he has not made express mention he pleads guilty; and of this advantage they have (naturally and justly) not been slow to avail themselves. On the other hand, it gives his lordship the advantage of being able to retort, with the same literal truthfulness at least, if not with the same real justice, "How unwarrantable a conclusion! how illogical and immoral an inference! Did I not most distinctly say that I had never read the whole article, that I confined myself to certain important extracts communicated to me by a friend?" and a great deal more in the same strain, which we do not care to repeat, but which any one familiar with the Exonian style of controversy will very readily supply.

We have no intention, however, of entering into all the details of this unseemly quarrel, nor of awarding the palm of victory to either disputant. It matters little to us whether Dr. Phillpotts became possessed of the temporalities of the see

of Exeter because he *ratted* at a critical moment upon a great political question; since, if his right reverend predecessors and brethren upon "the bench" be not strangely slandered, individuals have been before now promoted to that coveted post for transactions of a still less priestly character. Neither does it concern us to know how his lordship tried to *jockey* his brother of Worcester out of the presentation to a living, and how his brother of Worcester now takes ample revenge for the unsuccessful attempt by telling the story to all his neighbours. We have no curiosity to ascertain how many livings his lordship has given to his sons and daughters (we mean, of course, to his daughters' husbands); neither do we feel called upon to decide whether Lord Seymour spoke the truth when he told his constituents at Totnes, in 1847, that his diocesan had been guilty "of a deliberate and direct contradiction of the truth;" or whether that diocesan himself speaks truly now, when he accuses Lord Seymour, in his own peculiar style, of having been guilty of conduct "inconsistent with any principle of action which an honourable man would not blush to avow." Matters such as these, though by no means unimportant to the prelate himself, nor to the individual who has thus publicly alleged them against him, are happily no concern of ours; and, to confess the truth, we do not think that they are much calculated to promote the end which the writer professes to have in view. That end, as we have already stated, was to disabuse the minds of certain *Anglo-Catholics*, who look up to Dr. Phillpotts as to a very mirror of orthodoxy, a pillar of the Church; and a most praiseworthy end it is: we would gladly contribute something towards it ourselves, for we are convinced that a more thorough theological *sham* could with difficulty be found than the creed of this pseudo-Athanasius; but we conceive that such an end would be far better answered by an exposure of his lordship's theological eccentricities and inconsistencies, than by an attack, however just and truthful, upon his private life and character. We wish, indeed, that some able pen might, ere it is too late, take up this most fruitful subject, and write the "History of the Variations" of the Anglican bishops, and of Dr. Phillpotts in particular, during the rise, progress, and decay of the Tractarian party in the Establishment. There would be some rare curiosities in such a history; and the see of Exeter, we believe, would be far from behind the rest in contributing its quota.

We do not profess to be very intimately acquainted with all the details of the civil strife that has been so happily raging in every quarter of the Establishment during the past twenty years; numerous incidents, however, which have from time to

time become public through the medium of the newspapers, or in separate pamphlets, or which have obtained private circulation, have betrayed an amount of theological ignorance, and consequently of eccentricities and vacillations in ecclesiastical conduct, on the part of the (so-called) Protestant bishops, which is truly amazing. Nor has it always happened that the inconsistencies in argument and in conduct, by which these dignitaries have distinguished themselves, have been proportioned to their ignorance of theology, or the apparent distance of their opinions from the dogmas of the Catholic faith; on the contrary, an evangelical prelate, even though his ignorance of theology may have been supreme, and his belief the very contradictory of the Catholic creed, yet has had far less difficulty in maintaining a straightforward and consistent line of conduct during these troublous times than any of the High-Church party, whose misfortune it has been to occupy positions of authority during the same period. These last have been hopelessly hampered by the very anomalies of their creed. From the days of Laud downwards, this has always been the one "damning spot" in their vaunted *Via Media*, namely, that the arguments by which it is supported are available for so much more than its advocates desire. They began by using these arguments against Puritans, Methodists, and Latitudinarians, and for this purpose they prove most effective; but by and by some amongst their disciples, more eager or more thoughtful than the rest, boldly pursue these principles to their legitimate and only true conclusions, and by the grace of God are led to take refuge in the Catholic Church. Then the untenableness of the original High-Church position becomes patent to all but its unfortunate occupants. These proceed to argue with their rebellious disciples who have dared to be consistent and to embrace the conclusions of their admitted premisses, and soon find to their cost that the weapons which have done them such good service in previous engagements against another foe now fall powerless from their hands, or rather recoil with fatal force against themselves. They have been using weapons pilfered from the armory of the Church, and those weapons have a double edge; they cannot be handled safely by any but the soldiers of the Church. Before any "defections" (as they were called) had taken place, we may suppose that the combatants had been unconscious of this dangerous characteristic of their weapons; they had used them in good faith against their Low-Church adversaries, and were blameless. But henceforward the case was materially altered: it was necessary to be more cautious; new weapons must be forged, or the old ones carefully altered, or the position must

be abandoned altogether. Some had recourse to one of these devices, others to another; but there were others again, not a few, who chose rather, at all risks, to continue the ancient mode of warfare, dangerous as it had always been, dishonest as it had now been proved to be.

Amongst this latter number was Dr. Phillpotts; it was a mode of warfare peculiarly suited as well to his intellectual capacities as to his theological attainments. Keen without being deep, ignorant of theology, but gifted with powers of energy and understanding that would always enable him to *get up* as much of it as was necessary for the particular matter in hand, he was just the man to rest contented with an inconsistent, inchoate, and utterly disproportionate form of religious belief and of ecclesiastical polity. A busy, active politician by inclination and by habit, he has never applied himself to the study of theology as a real and perfect science, but has been led to pick up one truth (or falsehood) after another, here a bit and there a bit, as accident has forced it upon his notice, without stopping to inquire how far each new addition harmonised with what had gone before, or what further consequences necessarily followed from its adoption. The result is, as might have been expected, unsatisfactory and self-contradictory in the extreme; and without any intentional dishonesty, perhaps even without being really conscious of the fact, he argues on one side of a question to-day, and on the other to-morrow, with equal confidence and ability, though not, of course, with equal success. In fact, it is impossible not to see that Henry of Exeter has decidedly missed his vocation; he was born for the woolsack, not for the episcopal bench; his letters, charges, and all other semi-personal, semi-theological productions of which his pen has been so prolific a parent, bear a far closer resemblance to the special pleadings of some eminent lawyer than to the sober exposition of a theological thesis by a learned dignitary of the Church. He deals with questions of divinity just as a barrister is obliged to deal with questions in any particular branch of the arts and sciences that happen to come across him in the course of his professional practice. A. B. brings an action against C. D. for having infringed the patent which he had obtained for some improvement in the manufacture of a particular kind of cloth. The party who is proceeded against pleads that he has not infringed any existing patent, but introduced a substantially new invention: and he retains the Attorney-general to defend him. Of the art of cloth-making the Attorney-general probably knows absolutely nothing; but he sets to work with admirable energy, and by dint of steady, patient

application, makes himself so far master of all the mysteries of the craft, that he comes into court brimful of knowledge, astonishes the learned judge and the unlearned audience by his familiarity with the most minute technical details, and triumphantly establishes his client's plea. But ask the Attorney-general six months or six weeks after the trial is over, how much of this knowledge he has retained, and you may find that the most illiterate clothier in Gloucestershire will then be more than a match for him, and be able to prove to the satisfaction of judge and jury, ay and of the learned counsel himself, that the verdict ought to be reversed. Just such is the theological lore of Henry of Exeter; a creature of time and chance; it holds together and has an imposing aspect as long as nobody meddles with it; but draw near and examine it, and you will find that it is utterly void of life; it has no vital principle, of which the whole is the natural development, and by which each and every portion necessarily holds together. Proceed a step further and dare to attack it, question him upon it, and you will find that at one time he will give an answer seeming to tend in the Catholic direction, at another an answer swaying back into ultra-Protestantism, according to the side upon which he is attacked, and the quarter from which he apprehends danger.

This is remarkably exemplified by the letter which he has recently written to the Archdeacon of Totnes and one hundred and twenty of his High-Church clergy, "on the Necessity of Episcopal Ordination." In this letter he pleads with his usual skill and eloquence, (and with the usual contradiction to the judgment of his metropolitan, Dr. Sumner,) that it is the doctrine of the Church of England, "consentient with that of the Catholic Church, that they only can be deemed validly ordained who have received the laying on of hands by those to whom the apostolic succession has descended;" in other words, that episcopal ordination is an essential condition of all true ministers of God's word and sacraments. He even insinuates that if the Church of England were to waver or speak doubtfully upon this point, she would forfeit her claim to be considered a branch of the Catholic Church; for he says that the necessity of episcopal ordination was "universally acknowledged during the first fifteen hundred years, and therefore *necessary* to be still acknowledged in every communion claiming to be a part of that Church." All this is distinct enough: and yet we remember to have seen a letter of his lordship's, written under different circumstances, in which he as distinctly enunciated that the divine institution of episcopacy was not an article of faith in the Church of England; and that although

she did not allow any but episcopally ordained ministers to serve at her altars, yet she carefully abstained from pronouncing on the necessity of such ordination elsewhere; it was an open question. This letter has never, we believe, been published; we can vouch for its authenticity, however, having ourselves had an opportunity of seeing the original. Whence this discrepancy, then, between the sentiments of the two letters? It is to be found in the character of the persons to whom he was writing. The published letter was intended to reassure the minds of the High-Church party, who had just then been scandalised out of their propriety by Dr. Sumner's assertion, that no two bishops on the bench, and not one clergyman in fifty, believed the imposition of episcopal hands to be necessary to the validity of orders. It was to be feared that this assertion, coming from such high authority, might prove dispiriting to zealous High-Churchmen, and that some amongst them might be tempted immediately to abandon a communion which, by its own confession, was only accidentally superior to the Scotch Kirk. There was a call, therefore, for some equally strong assertion, in quarters as high as might be found, of the absolute and indispensable necessity of the despised ordinance; and Henry of Exeter was admirably suited for the task. The private letter, on the other hand, was intended to calm the apprehensions of one of his clergy, who had lately discovered that there was quite as much Scriptural evidence for the Roman doctrine of the Papal Supremacy as there was for the English doctrine of Episcopacy; and being, as he supposed, obliged by virtue of his position in the Church of England to receive the latter doctrine, and having moreover a weakness for consistency and no drawings towards the Free Kirk, he felt bound to embrace the former doctrine also: he had therefore intimated to his lordship that there was a very imminent risk of his becoming a Catholic. This was an evil to be averted at all hazards; and the High-Church prelate hastened to assure his wavering curate that the stern necessity of logic did not require any such fatal step as he was contemplating; for that the Church of England left her children free to choose whether they would believe in the divine institution of Episcopacy or whether they would not; whereas the Church of Rome was far from exhibiting the same tender consideration upon the subject of Papal Supremacy, but on the contrary required it to be believed by all men under pain of anathema; there was not that parallel, therefore, between the two cases which the misguided curate had imagined: he might rest in peace. We need hardly add that his lordship's sophistry failed in producing the desired effect; otherwise

we should not have had this opportunity of calling attention to it.

We believe that the same correspondence contained also some very curious admissions on the subject of Baptism, such as would have been little expected from the future antagonist of Mr. Gorham; but we have no space for entering into details upon this head, and we have already said more than enough to justify our assertion as to the eminently forensic character of his lordship's theology. It is in the main High-Churchism of course, there is no question about that; but then it is also very uncertain; you cannot trust it. If driven by an untoward pressure of circumstances towards a conclusion he would fain avoid, he has very little difficulty in shifting colours for the nonce, and can make out a very fair case on both sides of the question. On the whole, we estimate his lordship's claims to canonisation as a doctor of the Church precisely as the Edinburgh Reviewer does, though on different grounds. Other members of the episcopal bench may be more uniformly in the wrong than he, more consistent patrons of heresy; but we should feel most serious misgivings for any system of doctrine or party of men professing to rest on such a pillar as Dr. Phillpotts. He has before now proved a very reed piercing the sides of those too-confiding clergy who leaned upon him; we allude, of course, to his conduct during the celebrated Surplice Row: and however eagerly the High-Church party may, under their present circumstances of depression and discouragement, hail with gladness any appearance of sympathy and support from people in high places, we imagine that there are few, either in the diocese of Exeter or elsewhere, who would hazard any practical changes on the mere authority of this prelate's professions.

We cannot altogether take our leave of this subject without giving our readers an opportunity to judge for themselves how far we have overstated his lordship's ignorance of theology, at least his ignorance as it was twenty years ago. The following specimen is taken from his famous letters to Mr. Canning in 1827; but he has just given renewed publicity to it in this letter to Sir Robert Inglis in 1852. It is the oath or declaration which he proposed as a proper test or security to be given by all Catholics who might be admitted to a seat in the legislature, in consequence of the then agitated measure of Catholic Emancipation. It is a gem worth preserving, and the lapse of a score of years has done nothing towards tarnishing its splendour. We give it *in extenso*.

"I, A. B., do declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I do not hold, nor believe, that it is necessary, in order to their eternal

salvation, that his Majesty King George, or any of his liege people, being Protestants, be, or shall become, in any way subject to the Pope, or to any authority of the see of Rome; and I do declare, that I do not hold, nor believe, that the Protestant Church of England and Ireland as by law established is in such wise heretical, that any of the members thereof are on that account excluded from the promises of the gospel, or cut off from Christian salvation; and I do faithfully promise and swear, that I will not use any power, right, or privilege which does or shall to me belong, for the purpose of destroying, or in any way weakening, the Protestant Church, and the establishment thereof, as it is now by law maintained. So help me God."

The latter portion of this proposed test is pretty nearly what was in the end adopted; but the first portion of it is a real theological curiosity. It is also the portion upon which the future prelate seems especially to have prided himself. For in the sentences which usher in this precious document, he says that one most important feature of any measure for the relief of Catholics should be a test that should

"continue the exclusion of those who would not renounce that most mischievous of all their dogmas, that great practical heresy, I mean the tenet, 'that all men are bound, of necessity to salvation, to be subject to the Pope, and to be members of the Church of Rome.'"

Then, having safely delivered himself of this most extraordinary *lusus naturæ* or *lusus theologiæ*, he contemplates with complacent smile the fruits of his labour, and says of it—

"That such a test would be offensive to the Church of Rome, and to all the bigoted members of that Church, I have little doubt, and for that very reason I should have more reliance on its efficacy. The great desideratum has always been to separate between the bigots and the moderate members of that Church. . . . I should hope that among the noble and the educated laity of that communion, both in England and Ireland, many would be found who would spurn the mandates of their Church, if she would refuse to let them give to their Protestant countrymen such a security for the safe and honest exercise of their functions as legislators."

In other words, this gentleman gravely and seriously proposed, as a fit and proper test for the admission of Catholics to certain civil rights and privileges, that they should first renounce the faith; moreover, he really believed that many noble and educated men among the Catholic laity would be found ready to purchase the mess of pottage at such a price. We are well aware that the author of this monstrous proposal did not look upon his Scibboleth as tantamount to an act of apostacy; but this is precisely the subject of our complaint,

that a keen-sighted man, such as Dr. Phillpotts undoubtedly is, and "a master in Israel" too, as he supposed himself to be, should have been so profoundly ignorant of the first principles of theology as not to have recognised this obvious fact, that the dogma, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*, is a fundamental and necessary law, not only of the Catholic faith, but of every system of religion, whether true or false, which comprehends the idea of a Church at all. His lordship now says that, on looking back at his proposal, he must "frankly own that he does not think it was marked by absolute wisdom." Would that we might interpret this confession as being equivalent to an acknowledgment that it was marked by consummate folly! Would that we could hope that Henry of Exeter were so far true to his professions of High-Churchism as to hold this primary, elementary Catholic truth. But we fear not; it is too simple in itself, and too obvious in its application, to allow of its being held by men in the present position of the Anglo-Catholic party, more especially since the leaders of that party are just now shewing most unequivocal symptoms of a disposition to abandon all dogmatic truth whatever.

The preceding remarks were already written, and on the eve of being sent to the press, when there appeared another letter from Henry of Exeter, addressed to the notorious Miss Sellon. This letter furnishes a very striking corroboration of what we have said as to the untrustworthiness of his lordship's professions the moment that there is any appearance of danger. The interior of Miss Sellon's community had been somewhat rudely exposed to the public gaze through the intervention of a Mr. Spurrill and an anonymous young lady who had seceded from the "sisterhood." This exposure contained some very startling statements about the sisters, and severe inuendoes against the Bishop. At first an attempt was made to blink the real question that had thus been raised, and to join issue upon the very irrelevant point as to whether Mr. Spurrill and the unknown had not seriously misbehaved themselves in publishing such documents to the world at all; then Miss Sellon herself came to the rescue with a Reply, for parts of which we could have respected her, had not other parts been too deeply dyed with that spirit of subterfuge and equivocation which is so painful a feature of modern Puseyism when called upon to give an account of itself, either at the bar of public Protestant opinion, or by the ecclesiastical authorities to whom it professes obedience. And now we have the third act of this drama, in the shape of an eminently characteristic letter from Dr. Phillpotts;—we call it eminently characteristic, because in it

he does precisely what we anticipated he would do from the first moment that the storm was begun. He throws Miss Sellon overboard, not absolutely and without qualification, but still practically and officially: he "withdraws from that connexion with the institution which is indicated by the title of Visitor,"—that is to say, he shirks all responsibility; Miss Sellon is no longer to look to him as bound in any way to stand forward as her champion; she must fight her own battles. We remember once to have heard of a little child, whose affections being warmly set upon a certain fruit-tart, were thereby brought into painful collision with the claims of filial duty, his mother having put her veto upon the coveted morsel. Under these circumstances, the mother made an appeal to the fine feelings of her child, and proposed the following question: "Which do you love best, me or the tart?" The child immediately replied, "I like you, mamma, better than the fruit, but not quite so well as the crust." Dr. Phillpotts' appreciation of Miss Sellon seems to be equally clear and precise; only in his case the fruit is the object of his choice,—it is the crust in which it is imbedded which he does not find so palatable. He subscribes himself as a "faithful, admiring, and affectionate friend;" assures his correspondent that he shall not cease "to take the same lively interest as before in the prosperity of her institution;" calls both her and her companions "faithful, devoted, and most exemplary servants of God," "a community labouring for the best and noblest ends;" and yet in the same page announces that all "official connexion with them must cease." And why? Lest "he should have the appearance of sanctioning and approving" things which Miss Sellon and her friends, "in the exercise of their Christian liberty, as allowed by the Church," might desire to practise, but which he might "deem inexpedient, or even perilous," yet at the same time could not, without "a very questionable exercise of authority, forbid." In other words, Dr. Phillpotts heartily approves, and has a most enthusiastic admiration of, these Protestant Sisters of Mercy, and the work in which they are engaged; but because of certain minor details which, according to his judgment, the Church of England allows, but against which the world in general, and ultra-Protestants in particular, make a great outcry, he refuses to be any longer officially responsible for them. Poor Miss Sellon! the event which (as it appears from Mr. Spurrill's pamphlet) she has before now dreaded, and must indeed, from the very nature of things, have often had occasion to apprehend, has at last come to pass, and she is left upon the wide world to shift for herself, as best she may, in her most anomalous position; "having people under her," but no longer

even with the semblance of being herself "under authority" to any superior whatever. "The most unkindest cut of all" in Dr. Phillpotts' abandonment of his *protégée* is his denunciation of her claim to be considered "a mother in Israel." After commenting upon what "he deems the extravagance of Miss S.'s claim upon the obedience of the sisterhood," he continues:

"While I am on this subject, I will remark on the title which you claim of 'Spiritual Mother,' and still more, 'Mother in Christ.' Is, then, a commission from your Saviour claimed by you? Did He, while on earth, institute such societies as yours, and place predecessors of yours at the head of them? Be content, I beseech you, with being a 'sister in Christ' of those who labour with you, and will rejoice to recognise you as the superior,—the only title which the original rules give you; as such, they will, I doubt not, love and honour you as a mother."

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

The Life of General Washington, first President of the United States, written by Himself; comprising his Memoirs and Correspondence as prepared by him for publication, &c. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Upham. 2 Vols. London: 227 Strand.

WE cannot concede to this work the claims which its title arrogates, of being considered an autobiography. It might with greater propriety have been designated General Washington's public and private correspondence, together with a short notice of his life; though even this would scarcely have been correct, since more bulky publications contain letters which are not to be found in the present volumes. It is not enough, in order to constitute an autobiography, that the editor should keep himself out of sight, as Mr. Upham in the preface very modestly proposes to do; it is necessary that the subject should himself have provided an abundance of materials to compensate for the editor's silence; and this it does not appear that General Washington ever did. We do not mean to deny but that nine-tenths of the present work consist of Washington's own writings; but they are mainly his public and official despatches, or private letters commenting upon public events; they give us little or no insight into his own personal and domestic habits, his real private life. The true cause of this defect, however, is to be found, we suppose, not in any want of diligence on the part of the editor in seeking for information of this kind, but in the very circumstances themselves of

Washington's life. His was essentially a public life; almost from his earliest youth down to the very day of his death, he was more or less a public character; and we cannot give a stronger proof of the little that is known of his own innermost self,—we almost fear that we should add, of the very little that there was to know,—of the *man* as distinguished from the warrior and the statesman, than is contained in the following acknowledgment of his *Reverend* biographer:

“His opinions, in reference to the creeds of different churches and questions of controversial theology, were never made known, and cannot now be ascertained.”—Vol. ii. 307.

Now, though we are not so unreasonable as to expect that a general and a politician ought also to be a profound theologian, we are certainly a little shocked to find that the real import of this sentence is not merely confined to such distinctions of creed as separate the High Church from the Low Church, or the Independent from the Baptist, but comprehends a far wider range. An appeal is made to his adopted daughter, the grand-daughter of his wife, and a member of his family for twenty years, to give what testimony she can upon this interesting point, of General Washington's religion; and the letter which she sent in reply contains the following passages:

“I never *witnessed* his private devotions. I never *inquired* about them. I should have thought it the greatest heresy to doubt his firm belief in Christianity. His life, his writings, prove that he was a Christian. He was not one of those who act or pray that they may be seen of men; he communed with his God in secret. Mrs. Washington never omitted her private devotions or her public duties; and she and her husband were so perfectly united and happy, that he must have been a Christian. She had no doubts, no fears for him. After forty years of devoted affection and uninterrupted happiness, she resigned him without a murmur into the arms of his Saviour and his God, with the assured hope of his eternal felicity. Is it necessary that any one should certify, ‘General Washington avowed himself to *me* a believer in Christianity?’ As well may we question his patriotism, his heroic disinterested devotion to his country. His mottoes were, ‘Deeds, not words,’ and ‘For God and my country.’”—*Ibid.*

In too painful conformity with these extracts is the account given by Mr. Upham himself of his hero's last illness and death. As far as the one thing needful is concerned, all is a dreary blank; yet the editor seems scarcely conscious of the deficiency.

“On the 12th of December 1799, General Washington rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and returned about three. On reaching home he franked some letters, but did not send them to the post-office, saying that the weather was too bad to expose the servant in carrying them. The next day, Friday, he complained of having

taken cold; he walked out, however, to attend to the marking of some trees. In the evening he was quite hoarse, but continued reading some newspapers that had been brought in, and engaging with great cheerfulness in conversation from time to time. Between two and three o'clock he awoke Mrs. Washington, and complained of an ague, saying that he was very unwell. He continued to grow worse. Every thing was done to relieve him. Several physicians, among them his old friend Dr. Craik, were present. They bled him repeatedly, and applied other remedies, but in vain. In the course of Saturday afternoon, he said to Mr. Lear, his secretary, 'I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books.' To one of his attendants he said, 'I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;' and upon a reply that the only wish of every one was to give him ease, he observed, 'Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind, you will find it.' About five o'clock he said to Dr. Craik, 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long.' Shortly after, he said to his physicians, 'I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' Between ten and eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, December 14th, he expired. He was buried on Wednesday the 18th."

Setting aside, however, the melancholy thoughts which crowd unbidden on the mind after contemplating such a death-bed scene as this, we know of no public character which will bear a more minute inspection, considered simply and solely in regard to its public relations, than General Washington's. For disinterested uprightness and uniform consistency of conduct, under the most trying and difficult circumstances, tempered by a most unusual degree of moderation and candour towards his opponents, the first President of the United States certainly holds a most honourable position amongst either ancient or modern politicians. We do not say that we are prepared to give an unqualified assent to so *supremely superlative* a panegyric as the following; but there is sufficient ground for it to render it excusable, perhaps, from the pen of an enthusiastic fellow-countryman.

"Neither the actual annals of human experience, nor the creations of poetical fancy, have ever presented a character more worthy of entire respect and admiration. The mind contemplates him with a completeness of satisfaction such as but few objects belonging to this present scene of things suggest. As the military leader of a political revolution, as the ruler of a free, and the father of a great people, he appears stamped with the character of absolute perfection.

“Our minds have been so entirely satisfied and filled by the contemplation of the triumphant leader of a war of independence, and the patriotic founder of an empire of liberty, that we have forgotten the blooming warrior, who, combining the beauty of youth with the strength of manhood, cast in Nature’s noblest mould, with every grace of person, with every ornament which intelligence, refinement, courage, and virtue can give to manners and character, came forth in a remote colonial plantation to astonish veteran generals by his bravery, wisdom, and skill, exciting the wonder and delight of those who had seen the best chivalry of Europe; and, after performing prodigies of valour, enduring fatigues, privations, and sufferings which would have consumed and destroyed any ordinary constitution, experiencing hairbreadth escapes in the battle-field and in the wilderness, and winning the confidence, admiration, and love of all hearts, withdrew, while still scarcely more than a youth, into the walks of private life.”

Both his military and his political career lay through a most thorny field, in which nothing was more easy than to fall, nothing more difficult than to succeed. We can take but a hasty glance at some of his principal difficulties in both these capacities.

As a general, he had to take the command of a mixed multitude of undisciplined insurgents, called into the field from different states and towns, with every variety of accoutrements, or still more frequently with no accoutrements at all, and with no other bond of union than the cause in which they were engaged. These heterogeneous materials he had to consolidate into a body capable of offering an effective resistance to the well-trained, well-armed, and well-paid troops of the British army. He had to keep up their spirits under the severe privations to which they were necessarily exposed, yet at the same time to reduce them to a state of subordination, in nowise inferior to that of their more disciplined adversaries. His wisdom, firmness, and courage proved to be not unequal to the task, even though his efforts were but feebly backed by those whose duty and interest it was to have done all in their power to support him. Even as late as the month of December 1777, when matters had long since proceeded to such extremities between the two countries that retreat on the American side was altogether out of the question, we find him obliged to address the following spirited letter of remonstrance to the President of Congress:

“SIR,—Full as I was in my representation of the matters in the commissary’s department yesterday, fresh and more powerful reasons oblige me to add, that I am now convinced beyond a doubt that, unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place in that line, this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these

three things : starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can. Rest assured, sir, this is not an exaggerated picture, and that I have abundant reason to suppose what I say.

“Yesterday afternoon, receiving information that the enemy in force had left the city, and were advancing towards Derby with the apparent design to forage and draw subsistence from that part of the country, I ordered the troops to be in readiness, that I might give every opposition in my power ; when, behold, to my great mortification, I was not only informed, but convinced, that the men were unable to stir on account of provision, and that a dangerous mutiny, begun the night before, and which with difficulty was suppressed by the spirited exertions of some officers, was still much to be apprehended for want of this article. This brought forth the only commissary in the purchasing line in this camp ; and with him this melancholy and alarming truth, that he had not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour ! From hence form an opinion of our situation when I add, that he could not tell when to expect any. . . .

“Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general, and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add that, notwithstanding it is a standing order and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days’ provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call ; yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded on this account. And this, the great and crying evil, is not all. The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for,—few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army under the circumstances of this to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers’ houses on the same account), we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked.”

In another letter, at a somewhat later date, addressed to the same authority, he speaks of the marches of his troops being to be traced by the blood from their feet, of their being almost as often without provisions as with them, of their taking up their winter-quarters within a day’s march of the enemy without a house or hut to cover them ; and says, probably without any exaggeration, that “no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army suffering such uncommon hard-

ships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude."

It is clear, then, that his position as a military leader was embarrassed by a variety of complex and untoward circumstances, which exposed him to a thousand chances of defeat, and would have rendered that defeat, had it happened, no stigma upon his military character. As it was, however, he triumphed over all in a way which excited universal admiration, and won for him the eternal gratitude of his country. Nor was his success as a politician either less complete or less important to the welfare of the States. The constitution may almost be said to have been the creation of his own unassisted genius; certainly it would never have been adopted by the several States for whom it was intended, but through the commanding influence which was attached to his name; and when adopted, the country could not afford to entrust the working of it to any other hands than his. It was in vain that he shrank from the task which the will of his country imposed upon him; and though he felt, as he himself expressed it, that he was "entering upon an unexplored field, enveloped on every side with clouds and darkness," it was clear from the result that his country had wisely chosen. It was not until the reins of government had been successfully held by him for a period of eight years, that any other American either felt himself equal to the task, or enjoyed the necessary confidence of his fellow-citizens which alone could enable him to occupy such a position with comfort and with safety.

The following specimens of some of the minor difficulties by which the new President was surrounded are sufficiently amusing, as compared with the corresponding difficulties of a more recently appointed President:

"In a letter of last year, to the best of my recollection, I informed you of the motives which *compelled* me to allot a day for the reception of idle and ceremonious visits—for it never has prevented those of sociability and friendship in the afternoon, or at any other time; but, if I am mistaken in this, the history of this business is simply and shortly as follows: Before the custom was established which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others, who, from motives of curiosity, respect to the chief magistrate, or any other cause, are induced to call upon me, I was unable to attend to any business whatsoever; for gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling from the time I rose from breakfast, often before, until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives: either to refuse them altogether, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them. The former would, I

well knew, be disgusting to many; the latter I expected would undergo animadversion and blazoning from those who would find fault *with* or *without* cause. To please every body was impossible. I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which in my judgment was unexceptionable in itself. That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B. (who, by the by, I believe never saw one of them), is to be regretted, especially, too, as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office, which God knows has no charms for me? For I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe.

"These visits are optional; they are made without invitation. Between the hours of three and four every Tuesday I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shews them into the room, and they retire from it when they please, and without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to I do. What pomp there is in all this I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this two reasons are opposed: first, it is unusual; secondly (which is a more substantial one), because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it. If it is supposed that ostentation or the fashions of courts (which, by the by, I believe originate oftener in convenience, not to say necessity, than is generally imagined,) gave rise to this custom, I will boldly affirm that no supposition was ever more erroneous; for, if I were to give indulgence to my inclinations, every moment that I could withdraw from the fatigue of my station should be spent in retirement. That it is not, proceeds from the sense I entertain of the propriety of giving to every one as free access as consists with that respect which is due to the chair of government; and that respect, I conceive, is neither to be acquired nor preserved but by observing a just medium between too much state and too great familiarity.

"Similar to the above, but of a more sociable kind, are the visits every Friday afternoon to Mrs. Washington, where I always am. These public meetings, and a dinner once a week to as many as my table will hold, with the references to and from the different departments of state, and other communications with all parts of the Union, are as much, if not more, than I am able to undergo."

The following queries were submitted by Washington to Mr. Madison, Mr. Jay, Mr. Hamilton, and the Vice-President, John Adams:

"1. Whether a line of conduct, equally distant from an associa-

tion with all kinds of company on the one hand, and from a total seclusion from society on the other, ought to be adopted by him? And in that case, how is it to be done?

“ 2. What will be the least exceptionable method of bringing any system which may be adopted on this subject before the public and into use?

“ 3. Whether, after a little time, one day in every week will not be sufficient for receiving visits of compliment?

“ 4. Whether it would tend to prompt impertinent applications, and involve disagreeable consequences, to have it known that the President will, every morning at eight o'clock, be at leisure to give audience to persons who may have business with him?

“ 5. Whether, when it shall have been understood that the President is not to give general entertainments in the manner the presidents of Congress have formerly done, it will be practicable to draw such a line of discrimination in regard to persons, as that six, eight, or ten official characters, including in rotation the members of both houses of Congress, may be invited, informally or otherwise, to dine with him on the days fixed for receiving company, without exciting clamours in the rest of the community?

“ 6. Whether it would be satisfactory to the public for the President to make about four great entertainments in a year, on such great occasions as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the alliance with France, the peace with Great Britain, the organisation of the general government; and whether arrangements of these two last kinds could be in danger of diverting too much of the President's time from business, or of producing the evils which it was intended to avoid by his living more recluse than the presidents of Congress have heretofore lived?

“ 7. Whether there would be any impropriety in the President's making informal visits; that is to say, in his calling upon his acquaintances or public characters, for the purpose of sociability or civility? and what, as to the form of doing it, might evince these visits to have been made in his private character, so as that they may not be construed into visits from the President of the United States? And in what light would his appearance *rarely* at tea-parties be considered?”

THE CAPE AND THE KAFIRS.

The Cape and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa. By Alfred W. Cole. Bentley.

As long as the Cape of Good Hope is a British possession, every tolerable book which gives an insight into its condition and inhabitants is worth reading. Mr. Cole's account of his

experiences is not an exception to the rule. He is a lively, intelligent, off-hand sort of an individual, with a dash of *slang* about his style, though not introduced to any offensive extent. In one respect, he saw the colony with advantages above those of most persons who have favoured the world with their facts and views upon it. He went there without any views, intentions, or notions whatsoever: he never intended to go there at all, but was shipwrecked not far from Cape Town on his voyage to New Zealand, and making the best of his ill-luck, he spent five years at the Cape, going hither and thither, chiefly, it appears, as inclination called him, and prepared to see things simply as they were. Hence neither satisfied or disappointed hopes, neither official or anti-official prejudices, warped his judgment or transformed him from a traveller into a partisan. And his book is just what might be expected from its history. It contains nothing very profound or totally new; nothing (or very little) in the way of statistics; not much in the way of politics, though Mr. Cole entertains a very cordial dislike of Colonial-office misgovernment and a keen sympathy with the sufferings of the border colonists. As to religion, he seems to be a sort of *Christian unattached*, an hereditary Church-of-England man, with tolerably decent notions, but no very acute moral sensibilities; laudably open to conviction as far as bare facts of missionary pretensions and doings are concerned, and ready to admit truths in favour of the disciples of that Catholic Church for whose doctrines and discipline he has not the faintest particle of personal liking. Those who would like a few hours' light and agreeable reading, not altogether without instruction, will find Mr. Cole's gossiping pages a pleasant companion, and will probably agree with us in thinking that, as far as they go, his stories and speculations generally wear the mark of truth.

Probably there are few spots in the world where savage life and civilised life are mixed together in such close contact as at the Cape. The ordinary negro is, after all, almost a polished being in comparison with the Hottentot of South Africa. The Hottentot never seems to be *touched* by his intercourse, however prolonged, with the European. His civilisation, such as it is, drops off from him in a moment, as soon as a change of circumstances makes it possible or agreeable. Here he is, in Mr. Cole's estimation. What are the plagues of English and Irish servants compared to the nuisance of such household companions as the following?

“ I never knew a Hottentot who had acquired property, though I have known every other class of coloured people who have done so. A Hottentot is the most improvident, lazy animal on the face

of the earth. Secure of a livelihood and good wages at any time, in a land where labour is the great want, he will work for a month, and as soon as he has pocketed his wages, leave his master, and be drunk while he has a solitary sixpence left. He is a living paradox ; a drunkard and a thief, and yet one that can practise abstinence, and never rob his master. Sometimes you may trust him with any thing of any value, while in your service, and he will not 'pick and steal.' After he has left you, he will as soon appropriate your Wellingtons (if he calls to see his successor in office) as wear his own shoes. He is the dirtiest fellow on earth, and will neither clean your room, your boots, nor your knives and forks, unless you are eternally driving him to his work ; yet he will wash his hands with the utmost care before he touches the food he is preparing for your dinner, though he has the greatest natural antipathy to the contact of cold water ; and if he wears any linen at all, never changes it till it is worn out and in rags."

Probably, moreover, there is no spot in the world where three races can be found in such close proximity, and exhibiting such striking varieties in physical development as the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kafirs. Compared to a Bushman, a Hottentot is a gentleman, an Adonis, and a philosopher ; and perhaps it is in part to our experience of the South-African natives having been so much confined to these two miserable races that we (*i. e.* the Colonial-office and its instruments) have blundered so fatally in our dealings with the Kafirs. How very different a matter it is to have these latter gentry for our border foes, it needs little acuteness to judge, if Mr. Cole's ideas are at all within the mark. He draws Macomo, the celebrated Kafir chief, from his own personal knowledge of him.

"Macomo was at this time the most powerful chief in Kafir-land, with the exception probably of Sandilli, whom, however, he far surpassed in abilities. I have already said that he could bring about ten thousand men into the field. All of these men would be well armed—many (perhaps most) with guns, and some two thousand mounted. He was a man of great natural sagacity ; superior in this respect to the rest of his countrymen, of whom, in other qualities, he might be regarded as the type. He was cunning, avaricious, dishonest to an excess, vicious in his tendencies, and false in every relation of life. In a word, he was a thief, a sot, a liar, and in some respects a coward. And such is the Kafir !

"When Sir George Napier (once Governor of the Cape) made 'a progress' through the colony, he called a meeting of the Kafir chiefs, in order to hear from them their opinions of the relations subsisting between themselves and the colonists. On this occasion Macomo addressed his excellency in a speech of three hours' duration, in which he took so sensible and masterly a view of the sub-

ject, explained his own views so clearly, dilated on the advantages of peace so strongly, and expressed his own determination to maintain an amicable feeling between his people and the colony so forcibly, that his hearers were not only amazed at his knowledge and his eloquence, but most completely 'bamboozled' by his protestations. Yet, at that very time, the scoundrel was daily helping himself, through means of his people, to the herds, and flocks, and studs of the colonists. He had four hundred horses, which *must* have come from the colony, though he had never been known to purchase one. He has been false to us in every successive outbreak, and ought most assuredly to have been hanged last war as an example to his fellows; but Sir Harry Smith was contented with putting his foot on the fellow's neck, and talking 'big,' instead of putting a halter round it, and saying, 'This is the punishment of treachery, treason, and murder.'

"Macomo, however, has since taken his revenge, by maintaining his position in his native hills, in spite of all Sir Harry's efforts to dislodge him. It is amusing enough to see how Sir Harry always gains a victory, and yet the Kafirs do not budge an inch. Methinks a Kafir Gazette, with Macomo's despatches and general orders, would tell us strange tales.

"And now for my own interview with the great chief.

"The proper dress of a Kafir chief is a kaross of leopard-skin, which can be worn by no other Kafir. Arms, legs, and feet are left bare, and so is the head. Macomo, however, is very fond of turning out in European costume; and as he selects his wardrobes in a very diffusive manner, the effect he produces is more remarkable than elegant. Judge of my surprise at seeing the great leader of ten thousand warriors thus habited. He wore a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, considerably too large for him and very much the worse for wear; a pair of old dragoon trousers, with a tarnished gold stripe down the legs; yellow velt-schoens; a shocking bad straw hat; no shirt, no waistcoat, and no stockings! He was mounted on a little rough, ungroomed pony, with a cheap saddle and an old worn-out bridle. In place of a riding-whip, he carried in his hand a knob-keerie of formidable dimensions, and in his mouth was stuck a small blackened clay pipe. In addition to this, he was by no means sober, though not drunk 'for Macomo,' I was informed.

"My interview with the worthy was not a very long one. I was introduced to him by a man who knew him, and I had a little conversation with him of no importance, but rather amusing, from the manner in which it ended,—namely, by the great chief asking me to lend him sixpence. Of course I complied, and saw him two hours later in a state of helpless intoxication. My sixpence had done it. You can get drunk on the most economical terms at the Cape.

"Macomo, however, had given me a pressing invitation to visit him at his kraal, which is a very few miles from Fort Beaufort; and I determined to avail myself of the 'honour.'

“ Next morning I mounted my nag at about ten o'clock, and rode into Kafirland. It is strange how different the country looks after you have passed the colonial boundary ; and the people you meet, albeit of the same dusky hue as those you have left behind, are another people in person and expression of countenance.

“ The Kafir is certainly a fine animal. He is tall, well-knit, clean-limbed, and graceful in his motions. It is rare to see a Kafir with any personal deformity, however trifling,—I do not speak of lameness, hump-backs, &c. but of knock-knees, bow-legs, and such minor inelegancies, which so often mar the manly form among civilised nations. He has not the small hands and feet, and the delicately rounded ancles of the Hottentot ; but he has a fine muscular arm, and a good calf to his leg. I have seen some dozen races of coloured people, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Kafirs by far the finest of them.

“ Their features are not negro ; though some of them (especially Macomo, who is the ugliest man in his dominions,) partake very much of that character. High cheek-bones are universal ; but very respectably shaped noses are sometimes met with, instead of the flattened ‘ nigger’ one. Their colour varies from almost black to a light copper hue. Their hair is tufted and woolly ; but they are very fond of shaving the head. * * *

“ Here I am in sight of Macomo’s kraal. It was very much like a homestead in the colony. There was the long, low, white-washed house, the cone-shaped huts round it, the cattle-kraals, and the fifty or sixty yelping curs. I was requested to off-saddle, and a Kafir knee-haltered my horse for me and turned him to graze, while I entered the house and sat down with the chieftain. The table was then spread, beefsteaks, coffee, and meelies, forming the entertainment. I fully expected to find plenty of ‘ Cape smoke’ in the house of so notorious a tippler as Macomo ; but there was not a drop. I believe that he seldom drinks at home, but pays a visit to Fort Beaufort whenever he wishes to get drunk, which averages about three or four times a week. Macomo was far more inclined to ‘ draw me out’ than to be communicative, and therefore our conversation was not over entertaining. But the organ of acquisitiveness, so tremendously developed, physically and morally, in this Kafir, led him to dilate on the excellence of his horses ; and he was very anxious to find out whether I wanted to purchase any. On my declining that, he turned to the subject of cattle, and sounded my views in that direction : but I had not the slightest intention of ‘ dealing’ with him, especially as I might chance to be purchasing some of my own friends’ stolen stock, and so my host was obliged to give up mercantile views altogether.

“ I asked him rather abruptly whether he thought the Kafirs would go to war again with the English. Nothing could exceed the humility with which he deprecated the idea. ‘ The English were so powerful and so good ; the Kafirs were so poor and so weak ; besides, the English were so kind to the Kafirs, and they,

poor fellows, felt so grateful.' I knew the rascal was perfectly well aware that I did not believe a word that he was saying; but, of course, I looked quite satisfied of his sincerity. He then asked me the most puzzling questions about England and the Queen; whom, by the way, he flatteringly termed his 'mother.' (I doubt whether her Majesty would be proud of her son.) He asked me how many cows she had—a matter on which I was shamefully ignorant, never having inquired into the extent of the royal farming stock. He asked me whether she was always dressed in scarlet and gold, like the governor of the colony. Veracity compelled me to reply 'No,' though I was too loyal a subject to venture to lower her Majesty's dignity in the eyes of her worthy 'son,' by intimating that she occasionally wore muslin and straw bonnets. I *did* assure him, however, that she never dressed like his excellency the governor; even her position as head of the army by no means compelling her to wear the garment peculiarly distinctive of the *male* sex among Europeans.

"Macomo was very ready to insinuate evil against his neighbours, the other chiefs. Tola, Sandilli, and a few of such worthies, would not have felt flattered at his descriptions of their persons or their characters; though they are at least as honest, and far better-looking (excepting in the matter of Sandilli's withered leg), than their censor.

"I began to talk about going back to Fort Beaufort, and my host seemed quite unhappy at the thoughts of parting with me, though I soon perceived that his grief arose from the circumstance of his having failed to make a bargain out of me. As I wanted to carry off some memento of so agreeable a visit, I expressed a very high admiration of a knob-keerie standing in the corner of the room. Macomo immediately offered it to me—for sixpence! I paid the money (of course without hinting at the little loan of the previous day), and the Kafir's countenance brightened as he clutched the silver, and bade me a hearty farewell.

"I rode back to Fort Beaufort, well pleased with my visit, but more than ever satisfied of the natural cunning, avarice, craft, and dishonesty—the low moral nature, and the utter untrustworthiness (if I may coin the word) of Kafirs in general, and, above all, of Macomo."

Of Cape life altogether Mr. Cole formed a tolerably agreeable idea, but certainly not such as to tempt any man who can exist in his natural place in society at home to migrate so far across the waters. If his notions are sound, little has yet been done by the colonists towards turning the remarkable advantages of the country to the best account. He thinks even that that notorious abomination, Cape Madeira, is only abominable through the mismanagement of the vine-growers, who manufacture their worthless compound after the traditions of the old Dutch settlers, who made wine by theory,

and not from any practice in their own land of fogs and dykes at home. What the real sheep-farmer's life is, Mr. Cole thus describes :

" I trust the reader will sympathise with me when I tell him that I cannot look at the punchy little hippopotamus in the Regent's Park without thinking of the delicious pork he would make—*dairy-fed* too, by the by. This I can affirm, that I never tasted nicer pork in my life than that same piece of sea-cow flesh. How very absurd it appears for people to eat nothing but beef and mutton and pork all over the globe—as if every foreign country did not contain plenty of other animals fit for slaughter and diet, besides oxen, sheep, and pigs ! Ask any hunter in South Africa, from Gordon Cumming down to any regular trader over the colonial boundary, whether buffalo-steaks, when young, are not the finest in the world ; whether a baked elephant's foot is not better than a stewed calf's head ; whether a wild peacock is not as good as a tame turkey ? Should any sportsman, emulous of the deeds of the mighty hunter I have mentioned, be thinking of emigrating to South Africa, to pass his time in the desert amid the pleasant companionship of lions, leopards, and hyenas, I would strongly recommend him the following bill of fare for his first dinner-party in the wilderness—and I pledge my word he will find every dish excellent :

" First course.

Tortoise soup.

Crab	} Found in the rivers.
Lion fish	

Second course.

Flank of quagga.

Baked elephant's foot.

Fricassee of porcupine.

Buffalo-steaks.

Ragout of earth-hog's leg.

Spring-bok tendons.

Spare-rib of young hippopotamus.

Third course.

Omelette soufflé of ostrich-egg.

Wild peacock.

Quails.

" Cape smoke is the name applied to brandy distilled in the colony from peaches. I can't say I liked it at all ; though it is the universal liquor of the Hottentots. I swallowed some, however, on this occasion, and we started again. Fifteen miles more brought us to our destination. We approached a little, low, wattle-and-daub hut, rudely thatched over, and bearing a very unattractive appearance. My friend was a great breeder of horses, but it struck me that if he built no better stables than these, he was not over particular as to his nags' lodgings. He pulled up, whipping off fifty or sixty curs, who were all yelping and barking round us, and who seemed able (and willing too,) to devour me and my horse on the instant. A more villanous-looking set of mongrels I never saw—though I saw plenty as bad afterwards. I imitated my friend,

by laying about me right and left with my hunting-whip, to clear a space, and then dismounted, while a Hottentot led away our horses.

“ ‘Come in,’ cried my friend, diving his head into the low doorway by our side.

“ I did as I was told, and saw—*not* a stable, but a room—the room, in fact; for there was no other, though a portion of it was partitioned off at one end to form a bed-room! And so it appeared that the very place I had been mentally abusing as a very bad stable was my host’s own mansion! the dwelling-house of a man who had two or three thousand sheep, three hundred cattle, a hundred and fifty horses, and about eight thousand acres of land! Verily this is roughing it with a vengeance, thought I. * * *

“ Of all lazy lives, there is not one to equal that of a sheep-farmer. An ‘exquisite’ in London, or a *flâneur* in Paris, is a hard-working animal, compared to him. They have *something* to do—at all events, they must wash and dress—a sheep-farmer does neither, or at least very seldom. He ought to count his sheep as they leave the pens (or kraal), in the morning about ten o’clock, and again when they come home about six; but he seldom does even this. He turns out of bed about eleven, huddles on a pair of trousers, with the shirt he slept in, thrusts his feet into a pair of shoes, pulls a wide-awake hat over his head, and his toilet is complete. He then sticks a short pipe into his mouth, loiters about the homestead, and talks to Hottentots, not *more* lazy than himself, from the simple reason that that were impossible, takes a cup of coffee, and perhaps a chop; smokes and dozes away the whole day, looks at the sheep as they come home in the evening, ‘slangs’ the herds, eats mutton again, and calls it ‘dinner;’ smokes again, and *drinks* ‘smoke;’ pulls off his shoes, hat, and nether garments, and turns in again to snooze till eleven the next day, and then gets up and goes through the same process once more.

“ The only times when this state of existence is varied are, when a wolf (hyena) makes a midnight attack on his flock, and at shearing time. On the former occasion, he will spring up with alacrity, load his gun, and give chase to the robber for any distance. He will track him all the next day, and ride half over the country to collect his scattered flock. At shearing-time he *must* work, or his servants will not. Moreover, it is difficult to get a sufficient number of helpers, and so he must turn to work with his own hands. This he does with the more alacrity, because it is the wool, after all, which *pays*. As soon as he makes up his fleece, he can take it to his agent for shipment to England, and receive an advance on it at once.

“ It is strange how little the sheep-farmers sport in a country where game of all kinds is so plentiful. When the 7th Dragoon Guards went to the Cape, they took with them a pack of foxhounds, and hunted the jackal, and nothing else. This was rather absurd in a country where every sort of game, from an elephant to a hare, from an ostrich to a quail, may be hunted or shot.

"The sheep-farmer has a strong inducement, moreover, to sport for the supply of his own table. Tough mutton twice or three times every day of one's life, and cooked only in the most primitive style, is not the most tempting or luxurious food—especially where vegetables are rarities, with the exception of a little rice vilely boiled.

"Not only do they neglect sporting, but, with fertile land around them, where every kind of fruit and vegetable will grow and thrive admirably, not one in a hundred cultivates a garden, or even grows a potato."

Mr. Cole's admiration for the Dutch Boers was decided and hearty. It has been the fate of the English colonists to have for open foes and unwilling friends the two boldest races whom they found at the Cape before them.

"The Dutch boers," says Mr. Cole, "are in person the finest men in the colony. I have seen them constantly from six feet two to six feet six inches in height; broad and muscular in proportion. Occasionally they reach a height and size bordering on the gigantic. Their strength is immense; and though a peaceably-disposed set of men, they at all times entertain a considerable feeling of contempt for any diminutive 'Englander.' The Hottentots look up to them with great reverence, as such a puny race of savages might be expected to do. At the time of the rebellion of the boers (as it has been unjustly termed), the government thought of employing the Cape Corps, which is composed principally of Hottentots, against them; but they were warned by those who knew the character of the latter people well, that they would never shew fight against men for whom they naturally felt such dread as for the boers, men whose prowess they well knew, and whose unerring aim with their long guns they had witnessed too often to wish to become their targets.

"The boers are great admirers of feats of daring, strength, and activity. A 'mighty hunter,' such as Gordon Cumming, would be welcomed with open arms by every Dutch boer in South Africa. Poor Moultrie, of the 75th, the 'lion-hunter' *par excellence*, was one of their idols. So is Bain, the 'long-haired,' who has made some half dozen excursions into the far wilderness in search of the lord of the forest and all his subjects. They hunt far more than the English farmers, and are, as I have said, 'crack' shots, though they use a great, long, awkward, heavy, flint-locked gun, that would make Purdey or Westley Richards shudder with disgust.

"The characteristics of a race certainly descend to the fifth and sixth, perhaps the fiftieth generation. The Cape Dutchmen are the same frugal, industrious, sober people as those of the parent stock in Holland. Their persons are far more altered than their mental peculiarities, though the 'Dutch build' is still apparent. They are, however, terrible 'non-progressionists.' They use the same plough as their ancestors used eighty years ago, though it is the most lumbering machine ever beheld, and requires twelve strong oxen to draw it. They often shear their sheep with the wool all dirty on their

backs, though their English fellow-colonists wash theirs most carefully, and thereby get far higher prices for their wool. They reject steam-mills, and adhere to some indescribable antediluvian contrivance for *pounding*, instead of grinding their corn. A flail is unknown to them, and the corn is trodden out to this day by horses or oxen, as described, or alluded to, in the laws of Moses, whereby the straw is entirely spoilt. Their churns I have before alluded to. When first I saw one, with a dark damsel at work at it, I took it for a blacksmith's bellows, and wondered where the fire was.

"Not the least pleasing characteristic of the Cape Dutch is their family affection. To the second and third generations they live at the same homestead, building an additional hut for each newly-wedded couple. They marry young, and have generally very large families; and, as many of them live to a great age, it is no uncommon thing to see a grandfather and grandmother of ninety surrounded by half a dozen sons, having in their turn each one half a dozen grown-up children. They appear to be truly 'happy families.'"

A concluding extract will shew our author's notions as to the Cape missionaries. It is to be observed, moreover, that in another place he speaks of the *Catholic* missionaries in very different terms, admitting that they *do* make genuine converts to Christianity.

"Were we to believe all that missionary meetings tell us in England, we should imagine that the benefits conferred by the missionaries on society in South Africa were beyond all price. I am sorry to be obliged to protest against any such supposition. I am well aware that these well-meaning gentlemen could bring a wonderful array of figures against me; but perhaps no two things differ more widely than 'figures' and 'facts.' Out of every hundred Hottentot Christians (so-called), I will venture to declare that ninety-nine are utterly ignorant of any correct notion of a future state. I speak from experience. I have frequently been by the bed-side of the sick and dying Hottentot, who has been a constant attendant at some missionary chapel, and I have asked him whether he has any fear of dying. He has smiled, and said, 'None.' I have asked him whether he expects to go to heaven? and he has answered, 'No.' 'Where then?' 'Nowhere.' I have endeavoured to explain to him that his minister must have taught him the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. He has laughed, and said, that perhaps it might be so for 'the master, but not for him; he lies down and dies, that is all,—that is enough.' This I have heard over and over again from the lips of some of the 'pet' Christians of missionaries,—model men, whom they talk of and point out to every 'griffin' in the colony, and write long communications about to their societies in England.

"The reader, then, will naturally inquire, why these men pretend to be Christians at all? I will answer him. There are two grand inducements,—in the first place, the Hottentot Christian feels

himself a more important person, from the notice taken of him by the missionaries and their friends ; in the second place, it is of very great pecuniary advantage to him. Each missionary station has a tract of land belonging to it, on which are built the chapel, the school-house, the minister's residence, &c. A Hottentot has only to go and attend the school and chapel regularly, and to play the devout well, when he will be allowed to erect a hut on the land, and a small piece of ground will be given him as a garden. He will be supplied with implements and seeds, and by doing a little work about once a week, he can thus live all the rest of the time in idleness. In a country where labour is so dear, he can at any time earn a few shillings on the nearest farm, if he wants any little luxury, and will condescend to do a day's work. But it is notorious that these people living at the missionary stations are the idlest and most useless set of people in the colony. I once knew a man who, at a sale, purchased sixty or seventy head of cattle. He wanted a herd or two to drive them home to his farm,—a couple of days' journey off. He rode to a missionary station hard by, and offered, first, *fair* wages to any two men who would come with him ; he then increased his offers (seeing an unwillingness on the part of the people) till they became absurdly large. No one would stir, though there were dozens living there in utter idleness, and with no ties but those of sheer laziness to detain them. He then called on the missionary, and begged him to intercede and persuade two men to accompany him. That gentleman, however, declined to interfere ; and when my friend asked him whether he thought he was conferring a benefit on the Hottentots by encouraging them in idle habits, he replied, that he never interfered save for their 'spiritual' advantage, which he thought would be more secured by their remaining in that peaceful spot,—where, by the way, promiscuous intercourse between the sexes was winked at, if not absolutely sanctioned.

"My friend rode away, leaving two or three dozen able-bodied men behind him, living in a state of complete idleness, and yet unable to procure even two 'for love or money' to drive home his cattle. Like a sensible fellow, he did it himself.

"The consequence of this system is, that you cannot frighten a farmer more seriously than by telling him that a missionary station is going to be established near him. Visions of daily desertion by his servants float across his mind's eye, and he feels strongly inclined to devote all missionaries to a place which is occasionally coupled with 'Connaught.'"

SHORT NOTICES.

WE have received four bulky octavo volumes, intituled *The Spiritual Exposition of the Apocalypse, as derived from the writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg; illustrated and confirmed by ancient and modern authorities; by the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A., formerly of Exeter College, Oxford* (London, Longman). Mr. Clissold sets out with asserting, 1st, that "the interpretation of the Apocalypse is a *desideratum*, and both in the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Oriental Churches may be regarded as an open question;" 2dly, that "no exposition has ever yet appeared characterised by so complete a continuity of order, and uniformity of interpretation, as that of Swedenborg;" and 3dly, that "the writings of ancient and modern authors, instead of being an indigestible mass of useless and contradictory comment [as in their present and primitive form Mr. Clissold considers them to be], may [by a series of Procrustean operations of the most cruel kind, performed by Mr. Clissold himself,] be made to come out in order and symmetrical array, each author contributing his own portion to the confirmation of [Swedenborg's idea of] the truth." The result of this most daring eclecticism is a theological farrago, which altogether baffles our powers of description; suffice it to say, that in these pages we come across Father Newman in company with St. Denys the Areopagite, Duns Scotus, and Dr. Doddridge; the names of Petavius and Perrone alternate pleasantly with those of Pearson, Perkins, and Dr. Pye Smith; Rabanus Maurus is made to appear a sort of Latinised form of Matthew Henry; Dean Comber, Cudworth, and Cruden are shewn to be in concord with Cornelius a Lapide and Cardinal Caietan; the Catena of St. Thomas with the Commentary of the Religious Tract Society; Drs. Lowth and Lowman with Martin Luther; Bishop Marsh with Melancthon and St. Macarius; Dr. Wordsworth and Archdeacon Wilberforce with Mr. Wesley; and so on throughout all the letters of the alphabet, and all the creeds and no-creeds of professing Christians, until our eyes become dazzled by the ever-varying kaleidoscope, and we positively require a theological *Who's who in 1852?* to set our ideas in order again, both as to the creed and the chronology of these numerous authors, thus rudely brought together and made to do honour to Mr. Clissold's prophet, the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

Letters from Italy and Vienna (Cambridge, Macmillan and Co.) are Letters from Italy and *not* from Vienna, fifteen pages out of 250 having certainly no right to occupy one half of the title. In descriptions of scenery, persons, adventures, and other secular matters, they are clever and lively, and in some parts almost original, were it not for an occasional palpable imitation of the style of Dickens, who appears to have been the author's favourite guide-book; in all, however, that regards the Catholic faith and worship, they are characterised by a degree of ignorance, bigotry, and uncharitableness, which

should earn for their author a very high place among the divinities of Exeter Hall. His profaneness on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament we dare not repeat; the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is pronounced to be "a gross imposture," "the deliberate contrivance of delusion;" nuns are "proud," priests "superstitious," the people are "ignorant and idle," &c. &c. Yet this same writer—a young Cantab, evidently fresh from his mathematics—is obliged to acknowledge that "the vast majority (of the parish priests in Rome) would be exemplary to any priesthood;" that "in no country that he has visited has he ever seen a people so given to prayer, and so unostentatious and apparently in earnest in their worship," as the Romans; and much more to the same effect.

A Sequel to the Female Jesuit (London, Partridge and Oakey,) is from the pen of the same lady who wrote the original work. It contains numerous particulars of the previous history of her heroine, together with an outline of some of her subsequent intrigues, ending with her apprehension and imprisonment at Bonn, for impositions practised upon some English Catholics resident in that city. We are sorry to see that, although the authoress is now forced to confess that the notion of Marie's having been an agent of the Jesuits is a perfect absurdity, yet she expresses no regret whatever for having circulated in four thousand different directions (such being the number of copies of her work that were sold in less than twelve months,) so injurious a falsehood; a falsehood too which she did not herself believe, but which was suggested, it appears, "by intelligent (?) friends," and put forward only as "a theory," "a suspicion." Even in the present volume a chapter is devoted to the consideration of the question, *Is she a Jesuit?* in which Mrs. Luke assures her readers, professedly on the authority of an apostate priest, that "there are many Jesuitesses in England, especially among French governesses, and that this is one of the branches of the mission of the Propaganda of Rome!"

The third and last volume of *Heroic Virtue, taken from the work of Benedict XIV., &c.* (Richardson) is now out. Of the merits of the original work it would be impertinent in us to speak; but we are confident that the learned Pontiff who wrote it little dreamed that so large a portion of it would ever find its way into the vernacular, and become one of the devotional books adorning a lady's boudoir; and we have very grave suspicions as to what he would have thought of such a phenomenon. This remark, however, is less applicable perhaps to the present volume than to its predecessors.

The first number of a new series, to be called *Readable Books* (London, Vizetelly,) is most decidedly unreadable. Mr. Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Humour* would be more properly designated *Tales of Misery and Horror*. *Tales of Imagination* they certainly are, but of such an imagination as the wretched author's life sufficiently accounts for. With one or two exceptions, the subjects are too entirely horrible for the purposes of legitimate fiction.

If we may judge from the supply, there seems to be an increasing demand for books of meditation among English Catholics. Of recent publications of this class, the most valuable and important is *Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith, by the Ven. Louis de Ponte, S. J., translated from the Italian* (London, Richardson and Son). As a proof of the merits of this work, we need only mention that it passed through three Italian editions, and was translated into several other languages, within a year after its first appearance; and on the continent its popularity has never waned. We wonder, therefore, that a new English translation should not have been called for sooner.

Almost more generally useful, though in so much more humble a form, is another translation for which we are indebted to the Society of Jesus: *Instruction on Solid Piety, on Confessions of Devotion, and on the Frequentation of the Sacraments, by the Rev. J. B. Boone, S. J.* (London, Richardson and Son). It is a most admirable little book in every way; we only wish the editors had translated the picture as well as the text.

A third translation from the same quarter is, *Method of Honouring the Sacred Heart of Jesus, extracted from the Life of the Ven. Margaret Alacoque, &c.* (London, Richardson and Son). This also will be very acceptable to many devout souls, and can be highly recommended.

The present number of the *Dublin Review* (April) is, we think, of more than average merit. Of the nine articles which it contains, at least five strike us as particularly good. The first, on M. Nicolas' *Etudes Philosophiques*, is very able; so also (though coming somewhat late) the review of Dr. Newman's Lectures; the article on Miss Sinclair's Popish Legends, or Bible Truths, is clever and entertaining; that on the memoirs of Scipio Ricci is most opportune; and the fifth to which we allude is the elaborate examination of Mignet's History of Mary Stuart.

The name of Dr. Pagani is a sufficient security for the worth of his *One Thing needful, or the Attainment of our Last End* (Richardson).

Protestant Assertions examined and refuted, by John Baxter (York, Stutter), is a plain answer to the assertions of a particular Protestant clergyman writing in the usual strain to a Catholic sister. But we cannot approve of the author's disclaimer of the name *Roman Catholic*.

The Catholic Church and the Holy Bible—Protestantism and its Variations: Choose which you will? (York, Stutter), is an attempt to prove, by "the Bible and the Bible only," ten or twelve points of Catholic doctrine which Protestants reject, and is necessarily therefore more successful in some parts than in others. But we must protest against the citation, in page 23, of the first line of verse 10, c. xix. of the Apocalypse, without one syllable as to what follows in the very same verse, and of c. xxii. v. 8, of the same

book, with a similar suppression of verse 9. Such citations are as mischievous as they are dishonest.

The same publisher has commenced a new monthly periodical, *Extracts and Comments for those who choose to read*; a very useful miscellany for one portion of the class which it professes to address, but not made so attractive as it might have been to the far more numerous portion,—those who only choose to read what is striking, clever, or entertaining.

It is a novelty, we think, to introduce “Illustrations” into the *First Catechism*, for which many children will doubtless be grateful to Mr. Howard Dudley and Mr. Stutter (York); but we scarcely think they will be grateful for having their young eyes tried by such small print. Surely the answers should be printed in larger type than the questions, not the reverse.

An Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary (London, Andrews, Jones, and Little) is prettily conceived and prettily “got up;” as a whole, however, we cannot say that we think it well adapted to its proposed use, “the use of young children.” The spirit in which it is written is by no means so simple as the language; above all, we most strongly object to the note in p. 30, as calculated needlessly to perplex, if not positively to mislead, all young persons.

Septenary to the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, translated from the Spanish (Burns and Lambert), is a very pretty little form of devotion, and well translated, all but the use of the plural *you* for *thee*, which we have spoken of before.

Our travelling readers will thank us for calling their attention to a great improvement introduced into the map of Bradshaw’s *Sixpenny Railway-Guide*. By the help of figures in red ink annexed to each railway-line on the map, and referring to the pages of the book where information about that line may be obtained, the traveller may learn in five minutes all that he wants to know about the time, expense, and all other particulars of his intended journey.

The Choir, a Collection of Sacred Music for Churches, Choral Societies, and Families (Burns and Lambert), promises to be a valuable and useful publication. The First Part contains twelve pieces of different schools, but none of them too difficult for singers of tolerable training. The *Dominus Firmamentum*, by Terziani, is a clever and spirited trio for two tenors and a bass. Lotti’s *Vere Languores*, for the same voices, overflows with simple pathos. Marcello’s *Agnus Dei*, for two basses, is pretty but slight. Soriano’s *Ave Regina* and *Regina Cæli* are both good pieces, in the old ecclesiastical style, for four voices. Gordigiani’s *Regina Cæli*, more modern, is animated in melody, with a broad and effective harmony. Colonna’s *Beatus Vir* is a gem, and worthy of Palestrina. Ett’s *Hæc Dies* takes rank with Gordigiani’s *Regina Cæli*. The *O Sacrum Convivium* by Farrant, an English composer, is full of tranquil beauty. Volckmar’s *Laudate Dominum*, for alto, tenor, and two basses, is animated and of fair merit. Bains’s *Veni Sponsa*, for two

tenors and a bass, will be popular for its pleasing melody and easiness of execution; and Carissini's *Ave Verum* is a noble piece of simple counterpoint. A pretty litany, without composer's name, completes the Number. To the whole the editors have prefixed short notices of some of the composers whose works they have edited, together with the commencement of a list of music which they recommend for Catholic use. This is a very useful idea, and we shall be glad to see it well carried out.

Mr. Freeman has published his paper on *The Preservation and Restoration of Ancient Monuments* (J. H. Parker), read before the Archæological Institute at Bristol last July. It is clever and animated, and takes what may be called the common-sense view of the question discussed, in opposition to Mr. Ruskin's extravagances.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—If you think the accompanying reminiscences of Dr. Kirk will form an interesting sequel to the beautiful memoir of him in a former *Rambler*, pray use them as you like.—Yours most truly,
Feast of St. Chad, 1852. FREDERICK OAKELEY.

THE LATE REV. DR. KIRK OF LICHFIELD.

It is a great delight to me to think of dear good Dr. Kirk, whose name connects the associations of my earliest youth with those of my few first years in the Catholic Church. I can mention some circumstances which may be interesting to his many friends and admirers; and if it were only as a gratification to my own feelings of respect and reverence for him, I should be glad to speak of them:

“His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere.”

You may not perhaps be aware, that I passed above a quarter of a century, with more or less interruption, at the Episcopal Palace in Lichfield, which my family rented till the death of my dearest mother in 1839, and that for about seven years of that time I was a Prebendary of the Cathedral. During this long period, I knew of Dr. Kirk only as the “good old Catholic priest” (for elderly he was, even when I was a boy); and a most mysterious personage was he in my youthful imagination. I was half-awed at meeting him, for I had a kind of vague notion that he practised all sorts of strange rites in his little chapel with a belfrey on the London Road; and so much did the dread and dislike of Popery prevail over curiosity, that I never dreamt of entering the forbidden precinct from the day I came to Lichfield till that on which I left it for good. And yet I recollect, somehow, that with my awe there was mingled a sort of respect; for every one spoke kindly of the old priest who spoke about him at all; and once or twice a year I used to hear some trait of good about him, or some wonderful account of a “ceremony” which was to be performed in his little chapel, which I used to contrast contemptuously with our grand cathedral. My only definite ideas of Dr. Kirk at this time were, that he was very amiable,